

THE ACADEMY
AND
LITERATURE

No. 2057

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

OCTOBER 7, 1911

PRICE THREEPENCE

T. McLEOD, Consulting Engineer & Naval
Architect, Marine Surveyor,
Yacht Agent, &c. . . .

**STEAM AND AUXILIARY YACHTS FOR SALE OR CHARTER.
SURVEYS (FOR DAMAGE REPAIRS OR PURCHASE) UNDERTAKEN.**

Superintendence during Building, Alterations, or Repairs, of all classes of Vessels, whether Steam
(Reciprocating or Turbine) or Oil Engines.

Designing to any special requirements. :: Yachts economically managed for owners.

Insurances effected at Lloyds.

Telegr. Address: "McLEOD, WEST HARTLEPOOL."

Highest References.

Telephone: 82 HARTLEPOOL.

23, Church Street, WEST HARTLEPOOL.

**NOW ON SALE, 6d., THE OCTOBER
BOOK MONTHLY**

CONTENTS.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. Or Topics of the Time in
the Great World of Letters.

A HIGHLAND SINGER. The Poetry of "Fiona MacLeod"—
William Sharp. By F. C. Brunton.

OUR VILLAGE. Some Experiences of a Girls' Library. By
Norman Howard.

A SHORT STORY "SLUMP." Mr. Wells asks Where are
its English Masters of Yester-Year.

CORRESPONDENCE. What our Readers Think on Certain
Literary Matters.

A LONDON LETTER. "Hark! the Herald Publishers Sing"
—Of the Autumn Books. By the Editor.

THE OCTOBER HARVEST. Some of Last Month's Novels
for Good Reading this Month. By C. E. Lawrence.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting
Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy
Publications of September, with a Reviewing Commentary.

THE PERIODICALS. Contents of some October Reviews
and Magazines.

Publishers: **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,**
Stationers' Hall Court, London.

... THE ...
EYE=WITNESS
Edited by **HILAIRE BELLOC.**

CONTENTS of No. 16. THURSDAY, Oct. 5th.

WHO STARTS THE LIES?

COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—The

Strategic Importance of

the Tripolitan.

THE POST-OFFICE STRIKE.

THE JEWISH QUESTION.—

V. The First Solution.

ALBANIA.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE

CANALS.

THE GREATNESS OF THE

MOMENT.—IV. The

Deflection.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A

TEMPERANCE RE-

FORMER. By Junius.

LOST DIARIES.—The Diary

of George Washington.

Written when a Schoolboy.

By Maurice Baring.

BALLADES URBANES.—XVI.

A Ballade of Souls. By

E. C. B.

THE NEW CRITICISM. By

H. A. L. Fisher.

A HUNTING SONG. By

Edward Thomas.

OUR INTERVIEWER IN

ELYSIUM.—III.

THE GREAT NAME. By A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REVIEWS.

THE CITY. By F. W. G.

Sixpence Weekly.

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

Publishing Office: 10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Free Insurance Coupon to readers of "The Academy."
(Not to be detached.)

The Gresham Fire and Accident Insurance Society, Limited,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.,
will pay

£100 (One hundred pounds) to the legal personal representative of the bona fide holder of this Coupon, if he or she be killed solely and directly by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's Train, a Tramcar, Omnibus, Cab, or other Licensed Vehicle plying for public hire, in which the holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, subject always to the following special conditions which are to be taken as incorporated in the contract:—

(a) That death result within thirty days after the accident (b) that notice thereof be given within seven days to the Society at its Head Office in London (c) that such reasonable evidence of the cause of death be given as the Society may require (d) that the holder shall have written in ink prior to the accident his or her usual signature in the space provided therefor (e) that the Society shall not be liable to any one person in respect of more than one Coupon in this or any other publication (f) that this insurance shall not be available to persons under twelve or over seventy years of age, and shall hold good for seven days from 12 o'clock noon of the day of issue.

Signature of Holder
Addressee

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSEY, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

TYPEWRITING.

Literary and Scientific MSS. carefully typed by London Undergraduate (Inter-Science). Translations from French and German

GEORGE H. HONE, 50, Bishopsgate, E.C.

CONSULT

The Gresham

On all Matters of
LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT
INSURANCE.

Many Special Features.

Write for Prospectus; it will pay you.

**Liberal Terms to recognised
Brokers and Agents.**

HEAD OFFICES:

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY,
LONDON, E.C.

JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager.

ARTISTS' ORIGINALS REQUIRED.
in Landscapes, Figures, Seascapes, &c., suitable for Fancy Chocolate Boxes. First-class work only required. Particulars to Box X, "The Academy," 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

BOOKS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

Catalogue No. 350 (September, 1911) now ready. Containing many New and Attractive Lines in Publishers' Remainders.

WILLIAM GLAISNER, Limited,
Remainder and Discount Booksellers,
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

BOOKS WANTED, 25s. EACH OFFERED.—Omar Khayyam, 1859 or 1862; Book of Snobs, Paper Covers, 1848; Thackeray, Vanity Fair, 1848; Pemmison, in 20 parts, 1850; Ainsworth's Guy Fawkes, 3 vols., 1841; Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, 3 vols., 1839; Ainsworth's St. James's, 3 vols., 1846; Browning's Bells and Pomegranates, 1841; Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols., 1823; Doughty's Arabia Deserta, 2 vols., 1838; Last Essay of Elia, 1833; Brewer's Henry VIII., 2 vols., 1884; Burke's Armoury and Extinct Peerage, 1883; Eliot's Scenes Clerical Life, 1st edit., 2 vols., 1859; Romola, 3 vols., 1863; Freer's Last Decade, 2 vols., 1883; Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863; Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878; Jerrold's Men of Character, 3 vols., 1838; Lorna Doone, 3 vols., 1869; Meredith's Harry Richmond, 3 vols., 1871; Moore's Alps in 1864; Mommsen's Rome, 4 vols., 1868; Baxter's Cabinet of Paintings, 1837; Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879; Swinburne's Atalanta, white cloth, 1865; Symonds's Italian Literature, 2 vols., 1881; Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871; Von Sybel, French Revolution, 4 vols., 1867; Alice in Wonderland, 1865 or 1866; Churchill's Poems, 3 vols., 1844. 100,000 Books for Sale and Wanted. Exchanges made. Please state wants.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.**

The Ideal Policy

enables Policyholders to reap the benefits of their investments DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME, and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representative in possession of a comfortable home FREE FROM MORTGAGE DEBT or encumbrance.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
SPECIAL BENEFITS FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.
Prospectus and Terms post-free.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

AUTHORS, Novelists, Clergymen, and others.—**TYPIST**, recommended by the Honble. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Athole Hay, will do work carefully and accurately at 8d. per 1,000 words. Apply this Office.

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
SCIENCE AND ART

PRICE THREEPENCE

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Inland, 15s. post free; Foreign & Colonial, 17s. 6d. post free

*This may be sent to any Newsagent, or to the Publisher of
THE ACADEMY, 93 & 94, LONG ACRE, W.C.*

To

Please send me THE ACADEMY for the next

months. I enclose remittance value

Name

Description

Address

George Odell,

31, KING STREET, ST. JAMES',
LONDON, S.W.

Ophthalmic and Mathematical Optician

Inventor of the Porter-Odell Patent Lens.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES

made to the individual facial measurements, thereby assuring accuracy and comfort. To enable the fitting of the innumerable variety of faces my different patterns have already run into the hundreds.

LORGNETTES in Gold, Metal and Tortoiseshell.

BAROMETERS. THERMOMETERS.
FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES.

The ODELL LUMEX PRISM BINOCULAR

pronounced by Naval and Military
Officers to be the best (see testimonials).

CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 431	Reviews (continued):—
I.—In a Garden 432	Shorter Reviews 442
II.—Japanese Students ... 432	Fiction 444
On Bookscapes 432	The Theatre 446
The Future of the Terri- torial Force 433	Pickwick Riddles—II. ... 447
John Churton Collins 435	Tattershall Castle 449
Plymouth: Future 436	New Zealand Sketches—III. 450
Reviews:—	Books for Boys 451
Ferdinand Lassalle 438	Music 453
The Weather 439	Books in Preparation 453
The Oxford Under- graduate 440	Imperial and Foreign Affairs 454
The Master Genius of Journalism 441	Motoring and Aviation ... 455
Indian Sport 442	In the Temple of Mammon 456
	Correspondence 457
	Books Received 458

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s.6d. a year, post-free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willings' bookstalls and shops.

THE ACADEMY next week will be enlarged to 32 Pages, and will contain, in addition to this, a Special Literary Supplement of 8 Pages, and an inset of 2 Pages, with Portrait, dealing with Babiism, by Sir Charles Walpole.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LORD CURZON, in his comprehensive speech at the opening of the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries, expressed very pungently the position of England as the "happy hunting-ground" of the foreign connoisseur and of the agent for Americans who desire to become possessors of authentic works of art. It is especially difficult to prevent valuable heirlooms from being taken out of the country at the present time, for, as Lord Curzon pointed out, "just at the very moment when this attack was being made on our virtue, our capacity for resistance was diminished by the enormous burdens of taxation placed on the owners of such works by the hand of the State;" thus the situation is growing worse, since the number of masterpieces is limited, and "as they disappear the price of the residue must continue to go up." It is hardly likely that a Government characterised by disregard of one of the most difficult arts of all—the art of government itself—will find much pleasure in Lord Curzon's suggestion that the annual grant to the National Gallery of £5,000 should be increased to £25,000; nor will Members of Parliament probably see their way clear to "create an Art Fund" by pooling their salaries, despite the humorous remark that they might "justly feel they were rendering a greater service to the State at Trafalgar Square than they could hope to do at St. Stephen's." There is, however, food for thought in the idea that a confidential list of all works of art of unique value

should be drawn up, and that owners should be invited to enter into some form of honourable agreement that in the event of their wishing to dispose of such property their own country should come first. Could this be carried into effect, much of the recrimination and controversy which periodically invades the domain of Art might be avoided.

The heading "Private Organs in New York" appearing in a daily contemporary suggests subsidised newspapers, the carrying on of political campaigns, and those flights of verbal eloquence peculiar to the enthusiasts of the American Press. It refers, however, to actual musical instruments which have been recently erected in the private residences of certain enormously wealthy persons with a penchant for harmony at odd moments—Mr. Carnegie, for example, finds a charm in the melodious thunders while he is dressing; others, doubtless, woo sleep or fill the wakeful night hours by listening to the classics. Imagine, incidentally, the feelings of the organist on being awakened sharply at three o'clock of a winter's morn with the message that he is desired immediately to play Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor," or to improvise a fantasia on the latest song! One point about these organs is rather perplexing: they are "cleverly built into the houses, so that, besides presenting magnificent decorations, the pipes by being scattered seem to send forth their music from all over the house." What would be the sensations of a guest with a 32ft. bourdon in his bedroom when it suddenly spoke, or with a shrieking "Mixture—three ranks" over his head? Some of these instruments can be played from different parts of the house. We refrain from comment upon the possibilities attaching to a musically inclined cook with a four-manual keyboard in the kitchen.

Most people of ordinary susceptibilities have been convinced this week that our extraordinary summer has really gone at last, and have tasted the joys of sitting by the fire with a book, a pipe, or a person—or perhaps all three—for company. Lament as we will the passing of the long, warm days (we will not whisper now that some of them were a trifle too warm), there is a sense of luxury and well-being which only comes when firelight suffuses the smoking-room or study, when the blinds are drawn, the world shrinks to the illumined circle, and the memories and musings of things most cherished win through the silent hour. As a nation we love the frosty days—when we get them—and the firelit evenings; has not *Punch* pictured the Englishman a thousand times in an attitude which has become more or less typical—with hands in pockets, feet wide apart, coat-tails before the blaze? Stevenson praised this comfortable rest-house on the day's journey, and many another writer has joined with him; every freelance in London takes up his pen in October to compose essays on "Firelight"; every editor in London sends them back by the dozen between now and February. And so it will ever be, until we become a radiator-warmed nation and inspiration wings her way to less prosaic climes.

Readers of our review appearing this week of Georges Brandes' recently translated *Life of Ferdinand Lassalle* will notice that an echo of that tragically ended career reached England on Wednesday last. Countess Helène von Dönniges, news of whose unhappy death was in that day's papers, met Lassalle at a Berlin salon in 1863; the two fell in love, and when they next met in the following year, resolved to marry. The story is told, as students and the elect are aware, in George Meredith's "Tragic Comedians"—less a novel, perhaps, than any of his other prose works—where the soul of Lassalle is compared magnificently, if we remember correctly the phrase, to a mighty cathedral organ "foully handled in the night by demons."

I.—IN A GARDEN

Here by the mossy garden well
 A sunrise blossom falls
 Upon my brow
 Enchantingly.
 Under the sudden spell
 I see a heaving prow,
 And hear the shuttle in the lonely halls
 Of sad Penelope.

II.—JAPANESE STUDENTS

The glory of the golden past
 A mist of years outrolls;
 But slowly towers to shape dominion vast
 In dreams of youth. Grey fathers, gazing back,
 Mistrust the ardent children souls
 Upon the forward track;
 Wise mothers, praying to forget their fears,
 Divine the future through a drift of tears.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

The Fourth High School of Japan,
 Kanazawa, Japan.

ON BOOKSCAPES

SETTLING lightly one day before the well-stocked stall of a favourite second-hand bookshop, I descried, and made my own for the nominal fee of one shilling, two volumes of Sydney Smith, bound, as only the bookbinders of last century knew how, in smooth mellow calf. True, there should have been a third—probably was a third—but he had strayed like a prodigal from the sleek little family, and where he is to-day, to what shameless depth of ransacked twopenny boxes he has sunk, stripped and bedraggled maybe, predestined to the pulper, who can say? I think he must really have been a poor lot, for my prize of his better-conducted brethren included "Peter Plymley" and "Botany Bay" and "Chimney Sweepers" and "Man Traps and Spring Guns," and then, you see, I did not get him. On the whole, what wonder that I congratulated my bookseller. Whereupon he, phlegmatic man, made me a revelation. He told me that he had recently received an order for several hundreds of those lovely bindings, to be supplied at the uniform price of sixpence a volume. As to the contents, there was no specification. They were simply to form the bookscape in the library of some *parvenu* without a soul.

Now, in my bookscape they figure very well: two tall, smooth pillars like poplars in Spring. But a whole unbroken expanse of them! And then, not only their desert uniformity, but their wholesale acquisition! I wonder whether he ever dares to sit in that library, or whether the dreary, characterless, yellow ranks, innocent of a single sacred association or any impress of his mercantile personality save the one gross bargain, have not banished him, shivering and lonely, from that alien air.

Yet if the bookscape be true to its possibilities there is no sweep of swelling, heathery down, nor autumnal vista of changing leafage, that can excel it for delight. Its peculiar charm lies not in the massed array of greens and blues and reds, in prosaic layers of solid colour, as the manner of some is; nor is it to be found where the pedantic classification of the public library prevails. Elsevirs are not a prime necessity, nor are *éditions de luxe* the last condition of success. I am quite content to presume that one of those experienced gentlemen who "purchase libraries on advantageous terms" would survey my bookscape with a very superior air. First editions are but infrequent landmarks, and full-calf is judiciously restrained, while such fabled growths as "three-quarter levant" and "pigskin gilt" flourish in other

climes. But no such advantageous gentleman could replace it, for it is my bookscape; and when my western window throws the soft evening sunlight across it in a slow-stealing trail, or when on a winter night the curtains are drawn, and the firelight flickers coquettishly on the low-toned backs, the familiar scene is alive with friendly confidences, and a breeze too subtle to be felt whispers half the memories I care to hold.

For there is no other bookscape like mine, though there be many fairer to the eye; may even be some as dear and intimate—to somebody else. To me it is as romantic as the map of a country beloved—and what is there more romantic than such a map, crammed with the symbolic suggestion of clustered specks and faint, wandering tracks? There are shady spots, sequestered nooks, breezy hills and smiling valleys in the serried landscape, each with its own tale of halcyon hours. And there are harmonies in my bookscape, chromatic, delightfully haphazard harmonies of colour, gardens of scarlet and crimson, and warm blue and restful green and broken flashes of white. Other harmonies, too, startling, whimsical and unexpected, that have shocked me now and then into delighted merriment: Francis Quarles dwelling amicably between Molière and "Tom Jones;" Matthew Arnold hobnobbing with Lafcadio Hearn (after being called a "colossal humbug" and a "fifth-rate poet"!) and dear old Dr. John Brown. ("The great Matthew," quoth Rab, "looks at God through an eyeglass!") Mr. Galsworthy perpetually entertains Jane Austen, and Boccaccio lies down with William Law. I have a memory of William Law—but more anon!

I will recount some of the aspects of my bookscape as I sit here taking in the expanse with my eye. There is a little church set on the top of a green Gloucestershire hill under whose shadow I lay on a summer's day with that copy of "Aylwin;" and there is a breezy common with a sheltered bluff where two of us communed together over that little volume of Mr. Belloc, and had a fleeting glimpse of Pegasus. That small edition of "The Queen of the Air" will always bring to mind the grey sheen of the evening sea creeping over the level sands of a Norfolk shore, while that shabby copy of "John Inglesant" is overhung by blossom-laden apple-boughs. There is the scent and rustle of woodland fern about my "Lord Ormont," and the fragrance of trailing roses—hundreds of white blooms embosoming an old arbour—lingers with Augustine's "Confessions." My "Elia" can tell of the snug fireside, after the buffeting of wind and rain in the winter night, and "The Defence of Guenevere" recalls a window-picture of sun-bathed fields, and the strange, peaceful leisure of convalescence.

These are some of the magic associations which make my bookscape fascinating to me, and warm with autobiography. And there are others of a different sort, memories of delightful gifts, eloquent of discerning friendship; or of chance introductions, first overtures of acquaintance with great lords of the pen, that were to ripen into cherished fellowship.

Another half-hour and the sun will be round at my western window. I know exactly where the first beam will fall: it will fall just where Sydney Smith's two volumes bereaved rise up like tall poplars in early Spring, beside the green quiet of Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life." Then it will creep round to illuminate the whole storied scene.

What is that? Oh, William Law. Well, I took his "Serious Call" in my pocket one day as I walked over a lyric country to where a gentle stream slides noiselessly through the woodland. It is a very nice edition, neat and unobtrusive, and it did not at all inconvenience the pocket.

P. J. F.

THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

For all those who take any interest in the Territorial Force the approach of April, 1912, must be fraught with some anxiety. In that month expire the four years' engagements of the bulk of the recruits of 1908, and between then and June the term of a large proportion of the old Volunteers who transferred their allegiance to the Territorials. Will they renew their engagements, or, failing that, are we likely to secure a sufficient number of recruits to take their places? These are the questions that are being asked by the Associations, the Recruiting Committees, and by Commanding Officers, more particularly in London and in the South. While they cannot be answered with any certainty to-day, one is bound to face the fact that, even if there is a high proportion of re-engagements, the supply of recruits to fill the ordinary wastage has been steadily falling off, and that, unless another boom in recruiting takes place, or some special inducements are held out, the numbers of the Force will be diminished next year, in spite of Lord Haldane's encouraging figures at East Lothian last week. It is in the hope of minimising this loss that I venture, through the courtesy of your columns, to put forward a few suggestions.

Needless to say, the chief and most pressing necessity is more money. In 1907, the last year of the Volunteers, the estimated cost of the Force was £1,894,159. For this outlay, out of a total number of 252,791 men, the country secured a camp attendance for fifteen days of 4,459 men, and for six to eight days 151,998 men. The Territorials in 1910 numbered 267,096, and we secured in camp for fifteen days 168,175 men, and for eight days and less than fifteen days 75,185, while for this enormously increased efficiency the total cost amounted to £2,683,902, an increase of only some £789,000.

Taking into consideration the numbers and expenditure of the Regular Army at home and abroad, say 261,000 men and a total cost, excluding Reserves, of £54,000,000, I submit that even the most hardened scoffer of the Territorials—and unfortunately there are many to-day—cannot contend that the cost of the Territorial—about one-twentieth of the Regular—is excessive. The recent increased allowances have been appreciated, and go to remedy some of the more glaring hardships attached to drills and other attendances, but if the Force is to compete with and overcome the numerous attractions which appeal to the leisure of the young man of to-day, more money must be provided. No officer or man ought to be out of pocket one single penny in connection with the work or play of his battalion. As it is, many officers who can ill afford it have to subscribe towards all sorts of sports and competitions, which keep their men together and increase their efficiency, while the general public are regularly appealed to and generously respond to the call to support battalion funds. Even the men themselves are not exempt. One hears of a crack Scottish battalion being 24s. per man out of pocket on a march through the country, which, while no doubt a pleasure to the men, also meant excellent training and a stimulus to recruiting. Such a tax on a citizen service is inexcusable. There are any number of inter-battalion, inter-county, and, most important, Regular *versus* Territorial competitions, which ought to be arranged all over the country, but no funds are provided for the purpose. More outdoor ranges, more drill-halls with club-rooms attached, are urgently wanted, and greater expedition in carrying out the plans—one hears, for instance, of a drill-hall three years overdue and not yet completed. The men are not sufficiently in evidence, especially in the country districts. Route marches, church parades, and the presence of local companies at all ceremonials where there is any excuse for their appear-

ance ought to be the order of the day. The people must be familiarised with their defenders. Let us follow Lancashire's lead and mobilise periodically, thus arousing popular interest and at the same time putting one's finger on the weak spots in the Force. It will cost money for train-fares, bands, &c., but it will pay. For all such purposes I plead for a special grant of, say, £100,000, to be spent in the absolute discretion of the County Associations. I emphasise the right of the Associations to disburse such sums without reference to the War Office, because, though the distinguished statesman at its head who evolved the Territorial scheme may be trusted to take a broad view, the permanent staff have not yet risen to the occasion. A younger generation of officials may succeed in sufficiently loosening the bonds of red tape to allow of a discrimination between the paid soldier and the Territorial, and so ensure a more sympathetic handling of the problems involved in the increasingly difficult task of maintaining the public interest in a Territorial Force. The Recruiting Committees and County Associations were specially formed to provide recruits, and they ought to have a free hand in the matter, without, of course, seeking to encroach upon the training, which rests with the War Office. Meantime the combined supervision of the Commanding Officer, the Recruiting Committee, and the Association, with, if necessary, as a final tribunal, that useful body the Council of Associations, ought to be a sufficient guarantee to the Treasury that any such sum earmarked by the War Office will be judiciously expended.

I do not advocate payment of officers and men apart from the period of camp. There may be a good deal to say for a moderate scale of pay for drill attendance; but, on the other hand, that is not the spirit which permeates the Force as a whole; and the monetary attraction, while it would probably appeal to a wider circle, would not necessarily draw the best class of recruit. For the moment I think we might leave the amateurs of St. Stephen's in possession of that privilege. Nor do I propose to deal with the question of compulsory service, for the simple reason that, whatever may be its merits or demerits, it is a proposition which neither party will put before the country, and is therefore for the present out of court. That there is ample scope under the Territorial scheme can, I think, be demonstrated, provided the country will take the matter seriously and encourage the Treasury to be a little more liberal with its doles.

Let us assume that even with the additional grant suggested we fail to retain a fair proportion of the time-expired men next spring, are they necessarily lost to the defence of the country? Surely not. Within the last two years a notable body of men have rallied to the call—the Veteran Reserves, now known as the National Reserves, with that grand old soldier Lord Roberts at their head, have sprung into existence. Composed not only of old Volunteers, but of a large proportion of old Army men who have seen active service, the new body bids fair to conserve and consolidate the Territorial Force. Emerging at a time when the inevitable reaction from the recruiting boom began to take place, the Reservist movement appealed to many who, while unable to spare the time to take their places in the Territorial ranks, felt that they would like to be on hand if occasion arose. So far only registration without any obligation to serve has been attempted, and, short of an occasional parade and presentation of badges by private donors, little has been done to encourage this important movement.

Surrey, which was among the first to recognise and encourage the Reservists, now numbers some 3,500 trained men, or only about five hundred short of the total units under the control of her Association; while the County of London has over twenty thousand on the muster-roll. It

only needs the other counties throughout the kingdom to take the matter up heartily to ensure a Reserve force equal in numbers to the present Territorial force, while its efficiency (owing to its leaven of Regulars) is likely, after its rustiness is worn off, to be considerably greater.

Here, then, is an asset which makes the probable reduction in the Territorial numbers not so serious as it might at first appear, but it is hardly necessary to say that, if the third line is to be effective, we cannot stop at a presentation badge and an occasional parade. These men must have uniforms and arms; they must put in a few drills during the year, and be at liberty to attend the annual camp on the same terms as their younger men-at-arms. It would indeed be a scandal if this excellent material—60 per cent. of the Surrey men are under forty years of age—were allowed to run to waste.

They must be encouraged to take their places with the Regular troops and Territorials on all possible occasions. Every effort should be made by company officers to enrol all men leaving the Territorials in the ranks of the Reserve. There are many officers, both Regular and Volunteer—as is evidenced by their registering as members of the National Reserve—only too pleased to give their time to the duties of organisation. But, of course, here again we are faced with the need of more money. Another possible source of supply may be looked for in the numerous rifle clubs in the country. So far beyond a certificate that the range complies with official requirements, the War Office takes no cognisance of this important body of men. While it is quite true that little disposition has been shown on the part of members to become amenable to Army discipline, on the other hand, no sort of inducement has been held out by "the powers that be" to encourage proficiency; no offers of ammunition at cost or even at reduced rates; no facilities for open-air ranges. These ranges have been provided by public subscription or by private donors. Honorary members contribute towards the upkeep and prizes; ordinary members have to pay for ammunition and entrance money for special prizes. An amazing degree of skill at the target is acquired—enough to put the shooting of the Regular Army to shame. As an example, the club, of which I have the honour to be president, during the first year of its existence defeated a team of N.C.O.'s of the Brigade of Guards. All this proficiency seems to be thrown away. Would it not be possible to develop a corps of sharpshooters by selecting the best shots, and by offering some inducement in the shape of a distinctive uniform, or a modest retaining fee to attach a certain number of such men to the local Territorial Corps? I am aware that success at a miniature range has little bearing upon shooting in the face of an invisible enemy; but, on the assumption that marksmanship is encouraged in the Army, there is no reason to believe but that civilian proficiency would tell in time of need.

But while Reservists and riflemen are useful adjuncts to the Territorial force, it is to the younger generation we must look to fill the gaps in the ranks. I plead, therefore, for a closer and organised connection with the Boys' Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, Boy Scouts, and kindred societies. I would commence with the children of the county and national schools. It is well known that the educational authorities look with a jealous eye upon any fostering of what is known as "the military spirit" in the Council schools of the country. For some mysterious reason it is considered unwise, if not positively wrong, to pander to the natural tendency of the ordinary human boy for soldiering while in the State school, but it is considered an act of grace and patriotism to induce that same boy when he has reached the age of eighteen to enrol himself among the defenders of his country.

Why should this be so? Is there any reason why the schoolboy should not be taught to look forward to the time when he will be privileged to train himself to protect his hearth and home, and that meantime his natural bent for things martial should be encouraged and developed so far as the curriculum of the school permits? The knowledge and discipline so gained would never be forgotten, and it would be taken as a matter of course that when age and other circumstances permitted he should take his place in the Territorial Army. Once let this principle be instilled into the mind of the schoolboy, and there will be no need for compulsory service. Commencing with school, and carried into the ranks of the Boy Scouts, the various Brigades, and Cadet Corps, there ought, in my opinion, to be a combined movement having in view ultimate enlistment in the Regular or Territorial Army, and finally in the National Reserve. Let public opinion get behind a concentrated movement of this kind and its success is assured.

What is the attitude of the representatives of the people in Parliament? Does the predominant party go out of its way to back up the Secretary of State for War even in the matter of the Territorials, let alone the youngsters? Is there not a lukewarmness—not to call it by a harsher name—on the part of many Liberals in supporting the views of their War Minister? Is not their cry for peace at the bottom of the stinginess of the Treasury? We are all for peace, but not at any price. Would it not be well for the Labour party to rid itself of its obsession that every Territorial means an extra rifle and bayonet to suppress the striker? They should be the first to encourage and promote the means of defence, as they would be the first to feel the pressure which, in the absence of preparedness, a strong foe would bring to bear on this country. All honour to the Lords-Lieutenant and leading men in the counties, in most cases politically opposed to the promoter of the scheme, who have supported heart and soul the Territorial movement, while a tribute must be paid to the enterprise and publicity of the Press; but to ensure complete success the whole country must be behind it.

Are the employers of labour doing all they can? Many of the large firms have done yeoman service, but is there not a temptation in certain quarters, in these times of good trade and competition, to prohibit the willing Territorial from taking his fifteen, or even eight, days in camp? With the small man one can sympathise. At a busy time he cannot spare any considerable proportion of his hands or afford to pay extra for substitutes. The fact that men are willing in many cases to forfeit their wages and let the family go on short commons during camp is sufficient testimony to a keenness which surely should not be put to such a severe test. The suggested special grant in the hands of the Associations may find a way out here.

We want to put down with a firm hand the legend displayed by some employers, "No Territorials need apply," and to replace it with the notice "Territorials only accepted." We ought to try to put the Territorial and all associated with him in the country's defence upon a higher plane. His zeal and keenness ought to be recognised and applauded, not scowled upon or sneered at. Some members of the Army Council will have to become better acquainted with the Territorial, to take him more seriously, and to get rid of the prejudices engendered by the old Volunteer. Keenness, intelligence and endurance, properly led, will take a lot of beating, even by the machine-like soldier of the Continental type. Edward the Peacemaker gave a splendid send-off to the movement, which his Majesty George V. in every way supports. Heartened by their illustrious example, let us, therefore, co-operate on all sides to utilise the excellent material of the citizen soldier; but to do this effectively it is necessary, in addition to the various means I have ventured

to indicate, first of all to parody Danton and demand *L'argent, toujours l'argent, et encore l'argent.*

R. J. TURNER, Chairman Caterham and District Recruiting Committee, and Member Surrey Territorial Force Association.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS*

By FRANK HARRIS

HERE is a book which has given me three or four hours of pure and keen enjoyment. The son tells the story of his father's early life, and tells it excellently, bringing before us the happy, studious yet energetic boy, and making him live for us, and at the right moment, as by some happy fortune the father's own memoirs come in to carry on the story which the son completes with the untimely, inexplicable, tragic death.

Churton Collins' memoirs contain interviews and talks with half a dozen of the greatest men of his time, and record their opinions on the most vital matters. With Swinburne he discusses poetry and writers, and wins inestimable criticism, some of it new—contempt for Sainte-Beuve, admiration for Cyril Tournier; from Carlyle he hears that "Christ was a world-historical humbug," Swinburne a "curious growth," George Eliot "dull," Ouida's work "damnable, hateful, abominable." Browning tells him what the path finders of the time thought of death and the hereafter:—

Tennyson told me that he felt positively certain of an extension of individual consciousness after death. Carlyle said to me a short time before his death: "I have no notion at all, not the smallest idea, whether I am going to be annihilated, or whether I shall burst out into something splendid and quite strange." Old Landor said, "I do not care a jot which way it goes. I am ready for either." Huxley felt very depressed and dissatisfied that he would be "out of it"—felt the hardness of having to quit consciousness when his curiosity was so ardent, when so many new truths were daily coming to light. Harriet Martineau was anxious to live because she hated the idea of annihilation, and that was, she felt, certain.

He (Browning) said himself that if he were perfectly certain that a new life was before him, that a new series of experiences was awaiting him—he should not scruple to determinate this life himself; after, he said, making arrangements to secure the comfort of those connected with him.

Browning goes on to say that his belief in God and God's goodness is absolute, and that every time he stretches forth his hand he is conscious of a miracle. An unforgettable, priceless book, which should be in every house were it but for these interviews.

As Churton Collins was a very old friend of mine I prefer to talk of him as I knew him—paint my own picture of him, so to speak.

The first impression Collins made on me was rather agreeable. Our meeting took place more than twenty years ago, shortly after his tremendous attack on Mr. Edmund Gosse in the *Quarterly Review*, an attack which made him famous. I had met him earlier at dinner, at Sir Charles Dilke's; but had had no intimate talk with him. Churton

Collins was some 5ft. 8in. or 9in. in height, a strong, square figure, not particularly muscular, though he was a fair walker and cyclist. The head was of good shape and size, the forehead broad, the eyes pale blue, the jaw and chin peculiarly square and massive. Considerable brain-power one would have said, and very considerable determination. His attack on Gosse provoked curiosity. "Why did you do it?" I asked. "His ignorance, carelessness, blundering," was the answer.

The tone of the schoolmaster; but the source of his anger was that he had an extraordinary reverence for facts, and Gosse treated them, he thought, far too lightly. Collins searched once through the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the exact date of the poet Greene's death, and at length found it.

I feared at first that we should never get on well, for he had a spice, too, of the schoolmaster's envy: "Fancy Cambridge asking such a man to lecture," he said; "disgraceful!" His bitterness amused me; rage seems out of keeping with matters of Art and Letters.

Once I remember praising an article of his as better than anything Macaulay had done. He was overjoyed. He admired Macaulay beyond reason, knew pages of him by heart; thought him very unjustly treated by Arnold; was delighted at being compared with him. "Macaulay," he declared, "was one of the great English writers."

Later I found him misquoting some verse. For a while he argued the point, and then, on conviction, admitted that he had a treacherous memory. Strange to say, his bad memory was the secret of his extraordinary accuracy as a writer. He had to verify everything, and this habit of verifying grew into a virtue with him that corresponded to the careful punctiliousness of his nature. He lived in this way to me for several years, as a solid, strong, capable teacher of English literature, with wide reading, a bad memory, and a surpassing carefulness about mere facts; an honest, kindly nature, full of chivalry and loyalty, with incomprehensible bitterness towards what he regarded as pretentious ignorance; a good and cheery host, an easily pleased and laughter-loving guest, preferring his pipe and armchair and a good talk about letters (poetry for choice) to anything in the world. He liked beer, too, and good, plain English living, and found his real temptation in a glass of old port.

When I took over the editorship of the *Saturday Review*, in '94, he was one of the first—after Bernard Shaw, Cunningham Graham, H. G. Wells, and D. S. McColl—that I invited to help me. While he was writing reviews for me we became friends, and I got to know him well and hold him dearly.

Of course we used to talk Shakespeare interminably; he admired him beyond words, and had some vague idea of his personality, a nebulous and incoherent idea including Hotspur as well as Hamlet, but still an idea. He saw Shakespeare through professorial spectacles, all smoke-coloured with holocausts of inconsistent facts. I think I made the master plainer to him; but I would not be taken as saying that he ever accepted my views even partially. He found them "very interesting;" assured me more than once that when my book came out he intended to review it for the *Quarterly*; but there the matter rested. I think I reached him first on the side of textual criticism; he had the usual mandarin nonsense in his head about "Titus Andronicus" and the "First Part of Henry VI." and the first two Acts of "Pericles" not being Shakespeare's, and followed the usual attribution of "Henry VIII." A good deal of that I managed to alter in time, and this book holds the proof of it.

On page 42 he gives an account of a talk with Swinburne

* *Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins.* By L. C. COLLINS. (John Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

and says:—"Agreed with me when I thought that both Peel and Kyd may have had a hand in 'Titus Andronicus.'" Whereas, on page 146, he writes to Sir Sidney Lee on his "Life of Shakespeare" in this vein:—

It seems to me that we really have no right at all to question the authenticity of "Titus Andronicus." It is the youthful Shakespeare to a T—external and internal evidence seems to me conclusive. Nor can I agree with you that "Troilus and Cressida" could possibly have been written as early as 1603; surely it has every mark of the latest style . . . "Henry VIII." . . . Fletcher could never have written, in my humble opinion, Wolsey's speech to Cromwell; but this is, of course, mere opinion. Nor can I go with you when you say that it is *certain* that Shakespeare didn't write "First of Henry VI." and the old plays on which Second and Third were founded.

But even in yielding he was stubborn-slow and scrupulously conscientious. He would argue each new point till he was convinced, and often go away unpersuaded, but he did not hesitate to admit afterwards that I had been right. In the above letter to Lee look how he limits Shakespeare to Wolsey's farewell to Cromwell, though the soliloquy before the "farewell" is still more clearly Shakespeare's. But for some reason or other Collins wasn't sure of it, and would not admit it—a stubborn, honest soul if ever there was one!

Collins had a most absolute admiration of genius, and delighted in praising a young poet without any qualification.

Gradually I arrived at the conviction that this sober, stolid, honest Professor would rather have written one beautiful line, would rather have composed one supreme page, than have won all the honours of the trade. He was near enough to genius to tell that it was different in kind and in degree from talent; he had an instinctive, worshipful reverence for it—a passion of admiration.

And this was the tragedy of his life. He knew beyond peradventure that nothing he could do would live; that the best in him was what he called "laborious mediocrity;" that the reach of genius and the ease were beyond him for ever. "Others labour," he used to say, "with hope, comforting themselves with the belief that they are doing the great work they admire. I have no delusions. I am doing good hodman's work, and that is all." And that was the secret of his hatred of any one who was not what he called "a genius," and yet who came to distinction. There he let the passions of envy and hatred take the reins.

I cannot help thinking that of all the terrible tragedies of human existence there is none greater than this: to desire fame, to agonise to reach it, and to know all the while that the power is denied; and this was the tragedy of Collins' life.

But this was not enough to wreck the stout, strong ship of his destiny. He had a large family; many calls upon his powers; he was a glutton for work, and he worked inordinately even after he had passed middle-age. "If I cannot reach the highest," he said to himself, "at any rate I will do all that is in me, bring out all that I have got, show all the wisdom." And beyond this desire of self-realisation there was also a desire to make money for his children, and as the years went by this became the object of his life. He was not content to do as much journalism as an ordinary journalist does, while writing as many books as an ordinary writer; he also lectured two or three times a day for months together. He told me he earned £4,000 a year. After earning such sums for twenty years he had no business to be hard up, for his wants were simple and his house could have been kept up for a thousand a year. But in money matters Collins was a child. He did not know one invest-

ment from another, and had to take advice which was not always disinterested. This feebleness in him, this failure to grasp ordinary business details, was part of the idealism of the man. It went in my mind with his straggling, lank hair and untidy, careless dress.

One day, when talking of Carlyle, he confessed that he too was a martyr to indigestion—had indeed been for years such a sufferer that he thought of suicide again and again:—

"It is only my family that keeps me back," he used to say, "otherwise I would have ended it long ago, and got a respite. Once I went down and plunged into the Serpentine, thinking it might change things, get rid of the bad ideas and the depressing thoughts, and I found the swim did me all the good in the world. I threw off the indigestion through it."

Gradually through the years that followed he seemed to have learned to live. He got rid of the indigestion to a certain extent, but the depression continued darker and darker. There were of course lighter, happier moments. He stayed with me once on the Riviera, and was intensely interested in the gay, pleasure-loving life of Monte Carlo, declaring that he had never had a better holiday, and went back with a lighter heart.

But the catastrophe was only put off. He himself traces the cause of the attack to "a great stress of work and then a sudden cessation." The last words—a "sudden cessation"—are most significant. Work shielded him to some extent from despairing thought. When his mind was delivered over to itself it ground itself to powder, as millstones do when they have nothing else to grind.

Towards the end he wrote frankly in his diary about his misery and depression: "Looking for D(eath)." A few days later he writes: "I can sleep well, God be thanked!" Next day: "This fearful depression again; what will become of the children if I get worse?" Then on September 2nd: "Am now in dull, dead, suicidal misery. . . ."

And then the tragic, untimely end, and one is free to think of poor Churton Collins not as he was when harassed and worn out, but in the earlier, happier days. I love to remember his laughter, his pipe, his good fellowship—all the kindness of him, and all the charm—his enthusiasm, too, his chivalries, the insight of him, and the honesty, for after all he was a great worker, an honest English workman:

"A good man gone where we all must go."

PLYMOUTH: FUTURE

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

Out! Out alas! My destiny is fulfilled:
Hurry me hence within with quick co
The wreck and ruin of my former self.
Farewell my name and honours! Thou, my garland,
Farewell! my successor must wear you now,
To shine in new pre-eminence—a rogue,
Perhaps less perfect, but more prosperous!

"THE KNIGHTS" OF ARISTOPHANES.

As by observing the position of a planet on three separate occasions it is possible to construct its complete orbit, so from the past and present of a country or a town we should be able to deduce its future. Plymouth in the past bore an illustrious banner to the house of fame, and that banner was

emblazoned with the names of seamen whose hands upheld it, was blown upon by the winds of the sea. Plymouth of the present lives, to a great extent, by the sea which her citadel-crowned height adorns. And it is safe to forecast that chiefly, if not only, by developments in connection with the sea will the town of capstan and chanty preserve and enhance its honoured name.

Those developments—if they take place—will not differ essentially from the lines of past years. The time has gone by when the salt-encrusted worthies assembled on Plymouth Hoe and talked largely about expeditions to the Indies, or proposed thrashings to be administered to objectionable foreign Powers; to-day, in taut uniforms, their descendants gather in the club-house and over the walnuts and wine converse on naval matters, controlled in their movements by various personages hidden in a building in London, whence flash messages and orders innumerable on wings swifter than the wind. But the same spirit is there, though the men and the ships have a vastly different appearance. Plymouth—and Devonport (lest Devonport be angry at the omission of her arsenals and dockyards)—exist partly by the grace of the Navy; and it is a question whether the commercial side of their sea-life has not been overpowered. In an article which appeared in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* about three years ago, from which I may quote, I commented upon this, noting that for many years Plymouth has been at a disadvantage in the competition which she has so strenuously maintained:—

Her magnificent haven attracted the attention of the Admiralty, and for her splendid situation and contour of coast she had perforce to pay the penalty. Battleships, destroyers, submarines—every imaginable war-craft occupy the wide Hamoaze, her western waters; dockyards and stores and victualling-yards line the Devon shore for miles. To the east the Navy is encroaching with giant tanks of oil-fuel, and when not long ago a scheme was set afoot to deepen that portion of the harbour for the accommodation of liners the Admiralty vetoed it at once. Not altogether in the nature of a penalty, of course, is this predominance of the A.B. and his accessories, for where ships are built and launched and kept men and trade follow; yet there are many who think longingly of what Plymouth might have been—a port unequalled, where the mightiest liners afloat could have come alongside and unloaded; and there are others who think that the two things could be combined.

In one sense commerce and the Navy do already join hands at Plymouth, since the finest liners of the world constantly anchor inside the breakwater to take up and discharge mails and passengers. The White Star boats, the New Zealand Shipping Company's packets, the Orient, British India, and Hamburg-American liners, and many more, visit the port as regularly as clockwork on inward and outward voyages. But Plymouth wants more than this. Why should she not be a terminal port, with the traffic and honour and profit of a second Glasgow or Liverpool? One glance at the map is enough to show the unrivalled position of the town; it guards the very gateway of the land; vessels making it their headquarters avoid the fogs, the shoals, the complicated traffic of the English and Irish Channels; its magnificent harbour defies all gales, even those which drive almost straight in from the south-west. A whole fleet can ride safely sheltered here, as has often been proved. Its excellent railway service includes one of the crack trains of the world; two systems afford it distributive facilities for mails, freights, and passengers which many a larger town might envy. And yet not a single vessel above average tonnage—always

excepting warships—can dry-dock at Plymouth; not a single liner is accommodated with wharfage. Once, many years ago, during a London dock-strike, the *Liguria*, an Orient boat, came into the Great Western Docks; as far as I am aware no vessel of her size (and she was not big, as liners go now) has since entered. Why is this?

At the time of writing the article quoted above a scheme was under consideration which, if it could be carried out, would settle once and for all the question of Plymouth's commercial prosperity. It was proposed to construct an outer harbour at a part of the coast on the Devon side which is of favourable contour. This harbour would enclose about a thousand acres of sheltered water of adequate depth—48ft. over more than half of its area. Lying, as it would, outside the present haven, the cautious entry into the Sound would be avoided. There would be no necessity for the double transference and handling of the thousand or twelve hundred mailbags which often form one boat's portion. However smartly this operation may be performed, it is an annoying waste of time; it should be possible, especially in the case of important long-distance mails, to transfer directly from boat to train. Many other advantages might be mentioned, not the least of which would be the elimination of the tedious journey up either Channel with England on the port or starboard all the way and the equivalent delay. The total cost of putting the scheme through, inclusive of four miles of railways to link up, was estimated at £2,000,000. "If," said the *Western Daily Mercury*, commenting upon the subject, "such a dock should be found in existence to-morrow by some feat of magic, it would be used at once by the largest liners afloat."

But, as usual, the scheme was banned. Parliamentary powers could not be obtained. The Admiralty wants Plymouth to grow to order, on the naval side; and as "Plymouth" in this respect means the adjacent town of Devonport, she may well be downhearted. If the "Three Towns" were one united body, and the absurdity of their separate control were remedied, Plymouth would stand a better chance of accomplishing something notable in the way of deep-sea hospitality instead of being a mere port of call. As things are, it is difficult to understand why she has not become, in these days of saving minutes, first or second port in the kingdom after London.

Is Plymouth verging upon that indolence of old age which overtakes cities and countries as well as men and women? Do the few new shops and "improvements" signify a feeble struggle against an impending fate? Is she resting upon the laurels hardly won, content to have made history and to let the present, which is the history of the future, pass her by? It is not a simply local matter, this question of Plymouth's development; it means something to the country, precisely as the health or illness of a part affects the whole. From time to time schemes are mooted; they raise a wave of enthusiasm in the whole district; Southampton trembles, Liverpool frowns; but they pass unfulfilled, and Plymouth sinks back to her placid existence. When a guileless excursionist once inquired the reason of the high wall erected on Staddon Heights to stop the spent rifle-bullets from falling into Bovisand, he was told by a wag that it was built "to stop the small-pox from reaching the town." There is a conservatism which is too rigid, too keen on setting limits and laying down laws, and if a wall could be built to protect Plymouth from its encroachment, it would be well. Meanwhile other ports gain the traffic and prosperity which should be shared by her; her broad waters are given to the man-o'-war and the "little cargo-boats that sail the wet seas round," and the stately liners, which ought to berth and unload, look in for an hour as guests who cannot stay, since Plymouth cannot "put them up."

REVIEWS

FERDINAND LASSALLE

Ferdinand Lassalle. By GEORGES BRANDES. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

SOME time ago, in the columns of *THE ACADEMY*, we passed in review the somewhat eventful days of Helene von Racowitza. An occasion such as that naturally drew out an account of the central episode of that perplexed and passionate life—her tragic affair with Ferdinand Lassalle, which passed to literary fame, under Meredith's auspices, in "The Tragic Comedians." And thus, in its turn, it became necessary to consider who and what the man was who came to so fateful an end, for, as has repeatedly been said, there is no tragedy in the death of mediocrity. In order to see Helene's love-story as one of the earth's great tragedies it was necessary to be assured that the lovers were of heroic proportion. In her case this might be held to be a very doubtful question. But then with her it did not matter so much. She did not die. For her there was no tragedy, or, at least, the tragedy was of indirect consequence. It was rather of Lassalle we wished to know whether he was composed of the necessary tragic timber, and it was clear to see that he did fulfil this condition. This much was apparent, despite some unhappy obscurations, in Helene von Racowitza's own memoirs; but when, as now, it becomes possible to discover him not in the way of oblique reflection, but full-length in a biography of himself, it is more than ever clear that he was even such a man as he seemed to be.

This biography by Brandes is, of course, no new one. It has seen the light of day on the Continent for some time, and now it is to be had in English it seems strange indeed that the thought of rendering it for English readers had not earlier occurred to some publisher. It is, perhaps, next to even if not before, the study of Shakespeare, the work of his pen most destined to live. He himself says, "With reference to this portrait, or to the art of portraiture in general," that his effort has never been to be brilliant. "My ideal is Velasquez, and his ideal was not brilliance, but truth." In spite of this, however, the book is undeniably best entitled by the word "brilliant." It is learned and exhaustive, even as it is also detailed and careful, but happily these attributes are not in any necessary conflict with brilliance of treatment.

All aspects of Lassalle are treated in turn. If the work is brilliant, it is very largely so by reason of its subject, for it would be difficult to imagine any book with Lassalle as theme (however much we may disagree with his tenets) being otherwise than coruscant. One of the most admirable features in it is that while the concluding tragedy of his life is given fully and vividly, it is accorded its proper place in the canvas. In a sense it is the most important event in his life. There are few things more important in a man's life, there is certainly nothing that more precisely finds the value for his life than his death. Yet Lassalle was of heroic timber. When he met the lady by whom he was to come to his untimely end he was a figure in the front of his age. That is to say that, however much we may desire to fix our attention on his dramatic end, it is primarily necessary that we should look at the man in the light of the life he lived. And this Herr Brandes does. The book is divided into two main portions, each in turn being entitled "Lassalle before the Agitation," and "Lassalle as an Agitator." In the first is to be discovered a personality precocious enough in all conscience. At the age of twenty we find him in Paris with Heinrich Heine, and, if you please, fighting battles on behalf of that mordant mocker. One would scarcely

imagine Heine greeting any one open-armed, much less a youth of twenty who was willing to undertake the advocacy of his temporal affairs. Instead, we find Heine writing to Lassalle in this fashion: "You have the right to be impudent; the rest of us usurp this Divine right. In comparison with you, I am but a modest gnat." A career begun in this way could not, surely, end otherwise than dramatically. And the letter that Heine wrote subsequently to Varnhagen von Ense, by way of introducing Lassalle to him, happens not only to be a very considerable tribute to a young man at the threshold of life, but is also one of the most important clues to the inner heartiness and frankness of the Aristophanes of his age.

Leaving Heine, Lassalle struck forthwith on the episode that was to give the destiny to his whole life. Brandes' habit of beginning each of his chapters with a dramatic opening is rather apt to confuse the true order of the Countess Hatzfeldt affair. For instance, one would like to know more of the beginning of that fateful friendship than merely to be told, as an explanation after the central business has been dealt with, that "Mendelssohn . . . introduced Lassalle to the Countess." Yet, having been introduced, Lassalle's advocacy of a woman cruelly wronged, unable to get justice because her husband was of high rank, enormously wealthy, and a personal friend of the King, displays him as a man who, however impudent (as Heine put it), was yet cast nobly. And the long, weary fight that followed only confirms the sight. When one comes to consider it, it is positively amazing. Here was a youth of some twenty-three years; poor, when it is remembered that early nineteenth-century legal proceedings in Germany were in question; with the stigma that his age placed on his Jewish origin; with no influence to command, and with the legal order against him: such a man undertaking to compel a personal friend of the King—a high-born and colossally wealthy German Junker—to accord justice to his wife. It is Goliath and David outdone. Fight after fight was lost; case after case went against him: but defeat was only the signal for the opening of a newer combat. It sounds foolish beyond words, and so it was; but it was successful nevertheless. In the middle of 1848 the fight was begun; and, as Brandes says, "at length, in August, 1854, his opponent, the Count, was exhausted. The silly Jewish boy had been too much for him. His strength was broken. Lassalle set his foot upon his neck, and dictated terms of peace under conditions most humiliating and dishonorable to the Count."

We have given some space to these early events of Lassalle's life because the later portions belong to history, and also because it is these portions that best indicate the character of the man whose later years were to mean so much to Germany. The winning of his case placed him at once in an independent position. A certain part of the annuity he won from his opponent for the Countess she made over to him in a life interest. And so he turned to several literary ambitions that had lain idle during his long legal campaign. Each of these Herr Brandes examines exhaustively and in turn. The ponderous work on Heraclitus, entitled "The Philosophy of Heraclitus the Obscure," which he had planned and begun prior to his campaign, first engaged his attention. Then this young Hegelian turned to his great work on the law of inheritance, which he called "The System of Acquired Rights." Previously, in the great forward stirring that moved through Europe in 1848 (one of the results of which was the overthrow of Metternich, that symbol of absolutism), he had declared himself a keen Republican, patriotic withal. Now in this present work he takes his stand academically on the same ground.

All this study and strife was only preparatory to one end. He might have interspersed his legal contests on behalf of

Countess Hatzfeldt with imprisonments many, by reason of sedition, yet he cannot be said to have taken his position historically in any sense of the word until his thirty-eighth year. Then he began his career as an agitator, a career that led to the permanent establishment of the Social Democratic party, a party whose power in Germany is such at the present moment that none can say what its future is to be. All this portion of his life and achievement we dealt with when treating of the Racowitza memoirs; and therefore we do not allude to it fully now. It is sufficient to say that he was thirty-eight when turned to the task of active agitation, and he had not achieved his fortieth year when he met the lady through whose weakness he came to his death. The work he accomplished during those two years proves him to be of heroic mould, even though we had not the somewhat grudging testimony of Bismarck himself. And certainly Georges Brandes' biography is a valuable study of an interesting and fascinating personality.

THE WEATHER

Weather Science. By F. W. HENKEL, B.A., F.R.A.S.,
Member of the British Astronomical Association. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

WHAT a wonderful collection of phenomena is the English weather! It is supposed to dominate our conversation; we grumble at it whatever be its mood; it is sometimes our unrecognised friend, at other times our relentless and far-sighted enemy; but we could not live without it. Its secrets are known only to the weak; all the professors of logic and mathematics could not discover an empirical formula which would foretell the weather. With all the text-books of "weather science" we should be rash to forecast the weather two days hence; all the meteorological experts, with their hundreds of telegrams conveying barometric observations, could not do more than suggest the probable or average weather over a large area, e.g., London and Channel—they would not even dare to guess the atmospheric conditions which will prevail to-morrow at Hastings. And so for local forecasts we must seek the humble and ignore the learned. The fisherman, whose school has been the atmosphere he breathes, who knows nothing of cyclones and anticyclones, will prognosticate for our immediate needs with remarkable accuracy. His education has been subconscious; he learnt to foretell the weather just as he learnt to eat; indeed his daily bread and the weather have been interdependent. We thus see with all the advances of science and perfection of recording instruments that weather prognostics have progressed but little. But this small advance must not be minimised. The weather expert, if defeated by local vagaries, is able to herald the approach of a gale, and may thus appreciably decrease the dangers of the mariner and the troubles of the agriculturist.

Mr. Henkel's volume will serve as an interesting guide to the amateur weather-prophet. The approximate functions of the temperature, atmospheric pressure, wind velocity, rainfall, etc., and also their measurement, are carefully described, and we grow so interested that we instinctively feel that every dust eddy in the roadway is the ghost of some extinct cyclone. The different types of cloud formation and their respective antecedents and results bring us still nearer to the great unknown. A science built up on such a complicated foundation provides many pitfalls for the unwary, and is often the delight of the superstitious individual. Mr. Henkel therefore warns us against many popular illusions. The barometer is not a "weather-glass,"

because the coming of rain and the barometric pressure do not depend on each other, though both depend on the direction of the prevailing winds. Thus rain often occurs associated with northerly winds and a rising barometer. As the author points out, it is difficult to estimate the value attached to some of the old weather sayings, such as:—

When cats sneeze, it is a sign of rain.
When dogs eat grass, it will be rainy.

Nevertheless, meteorology is such an embryonic science that it is risky to sneer at any one, and even if these saws are more honoured in their breach than in their rigid observance, Mr. Henkel must not forget that it is preferable to carry an overcoat on a fine day than to be without it on a wet day. On the subject of tornadoes, Mr. Henkel refers to our climate in a sentence which should be repeated from every pulpit in this land of croakers:—

Those who are fond of complaining of the badness of our own weather may at least be reminded that we have much to be thankful for in our exemption from such catastrophes; though besides this purely negative benefit, the existence of many positive advantages alluded to in the course of this work may with more justice cause our own climate (or at least that of the more maritime Western regions) to be regarded as one of the best in the world, though perhaps that of certain stations in the Southern Hemisphere is more salubrious.

And we all think the same in our heart of hearts.

Mr. Henkel's book attempts to appeal both to the student and to the general reader, and thereby runs the gauntlet of both parties. The arrangement is undoubtedly bad if all the endless repetitions which occur are necessary. Bay Ballot's law is quoted on three occasions; in another chapter and on consecutive leaves we are told that "since the total amount of light given by the full moon to the earth is only about one-eight-hundred-thousandth that of sunlight, any action [of the moon on our atmosphere] must be of excessively small amount." The remark "The moon in one sense is always changing, in another always the same" is reiterated with great sincerity; and so on. Then again the attempt to repeat himself sometimes causes the author to trip: on p. 47 we are told that Pascal found the barometer recorded 25in. of mercury at the top of the Puy-de-Dôme as compared with 30in. at the base; but on p. 162 we read that Pascal observed a pressure of 26in. of mercury at the top! Which are we to believe? How frequently the utility of a book is diminished by the absence of diagrams—Mr. Henkel should have included synoptic charts to illustrate the types of circulation of the atmosphere, as in Abercromby's "Forecasting by Weather Charts." He does not even include a copy of the daily weather chart.

Mr. Henkel unfortunately omits mention of the most recent types of recording instruments. We sincerely hope that photographic recorders of the "shadow" type are not still used in first order stations, and that electrical instruments have taken their places. The old-fashioned sunshine-recorders, which did not register faint sun, should have been replaced by platinum grids and automatic temperature-recorders; neither is there any reference to the barograph as used at the South Kensington office.

Weather observation and inference are very satisfactorily treated, but the author falls on dangerous ground when he wanders into pure science. This may be due to a looseness of expression, and, while of small import to the general reader, may be misleading to the student. On p. 32 there is a tendency to confuse "pressure" and "force;" to speak of the "pressure on unit area" is redundant, as pressure is the force on unit area. We are told on p. 67 that "when the air is dry it is denser than if partly composed of moisture,"

because air is denser than water-vapour. The latter fact is undoubtedly true, but of the preceding inference we feel very doubtful. When air takes up moisture there is no immediate displacement of air; air and moisture exist together, and, according to Dalton's law of partial pressures, the resulting pressure is the sum of the separate pressures. The pressure strives to reach equilibrium, but we cannot imagine that it will fall below its original value as suggested by the author. The barometer usually falls in wet weather not because of a fall in density, but, as the author elsewhere remarked, because of the direction of the prevailing winds. In quoting Scott that the reading of a radiation thermometer depends on "the perfection of the vacuum," Mr. Henkel falls into a partial error, as between pressures of 15cms. and 0.5cm., the reading is independent of the pressure. The note on the phenomena of the aurora on p. 224 is rather old. The photosphere of the sun contains large quantities of glowing carbon, and these project "corpuseles" (small negatively electrified bodies of constant mass) which stream through space. When these pass through a gas they make it luminous, and hence Arrhenius has explained the formation and periodic variations of the Aurora Borealis. The reference to lightning-conductors on p. 209 suggests to the reader that the earthed metal rod conducts the flash, which is the popular and erroneous idea. On p. 149 we are told that in about fifty years the magnetic needle in London will point to the true north; by the time we reach p. 221 the period has increased to "about sixty-five years hence." Recent research suggests that even this period is very much too small.

In spite of these and other errors, there is much in the book to recommend it to the general reader. The apparatus required is little beyond efficient eyes and ears; the whole atmosphere is our laboratory; the observations are often observations of some of the most beautiful visions in Nature, and a little knowledge, though dangerous, adds wonderfully to our interest. We might almost forget to grumble.

THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE

The Compleat Oxford Man. By A. HAMILTON GIBBS. With a Preface by COSMO HAMILTON. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

A GOOD title is half the battle, and Mr. Gibbs' title is first-rate. One opens the book and reads greedily to see if he knows as much about Oxford as Izaak Walton knew about fishing; and he does, or very nearly as much. But it is very much more difficult to write about Oxford than it is about fishing. Every one knows that there are a great many good books about fishing, "in all its branches" too; but there are very few good books indeed about Oxford. Probably the best is Mr. Seccombe's great collection of extracts from other books, because it has everything that is really good in it. But it has hardly attacked the difficulty of the subject. The difficulty is the undergraduate. You can write about buildings, and visitors, and dons, and other inanimate things which are not really Oxford, though you be a lady or a don yourself. But about undergraduates you cannot write, and the pavements in Broad Street are strewn with your failures. Was "Verdant Green" ever true? The present generation cannot imagine the answer to that question. "Tom Brown at Oxford" will not arouse interest in the most inquisitive or the most excitable. And as for lady novelists who describe the undergraduate of their dreams, they "will never never do." Remember in "Isabel Carnaby" the seriousness with which we are told that an

undergraduate will really not mind going out every day in the cold and getting wet "if only he can make his boat win." There has only been at this task one really successful modern, and he is the author of "Keddy." "Keddy" is the one perfect book written about undergraduate Oxford, because it is all true and all lifelike, and nothing else but true and lifelike. "Keddy" is (to use the phrase of a famous Oxford man) a perfect "foolometer." You may test an Oxford man by it, and if he does not see how good "Keddy" is, but begins to talk priggishly about the absence of any mention of lectures or the serious side of study, you may dismiss him as Coleridge dismissed the critic who could not tell the ring of Shakespeare's verse—he may have ears, "but so has another animal."

Now the success of "Keddy" was obviously due to the fact that the author observed life at Oxford very closely, and set down what he saw with entire candour. And this, if we mistake not, is also what Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs has done. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, in an excellent and pointed little Preface, tells us that "it has been left to the present author to give us the Compleat Oxford Man—according to himself." Mr. Gibbs, we see as we read his book, has a simple talent for observation, a great sincerity, and a fund of kindly and generous appreciativeness. These are essentials for any one who would write about the undergraduate. He has also been an undergraduate himself; and that is a qualification you cannot do without. A Lincolnshire stable-boy, after hearing the late Bishop of Lincoln analyse the virtues and temptations of his class, said convincingly, "He must have been a stable-boy himself." A man of spiritual genius may assume the environment of a stable-boy, but he can never assume the environment of an undergraduate. Mr. Gibbs does not assume the motley: the cap fits.

He tells an innocent world about a great many of the things young men do at Oxford, and a few that old men do. He is as exact as a photograph, and yet he has the genuine touch of the artist. If he does not always resist the temptation to draw portraits of his friends—at least so one fancies as one reads—he nobly refuses to draw portraits of his enemies; but perhaps that may be because he never had any, as certainly he never deserved to have. His survey is, indeed, wide-embracing. He shows the Freshman and the fourth-year man, the rowing-man and the examinee, the boxer and the vain amatorial being, and many more too. Also he does not neglect lectures, as "Keddy" did; he has most cruel opinions of the past and present (possibly also of the future) of a Regius Professor; he has opinions about Ruskin Hall (which is now called a College); and he pursues the undergraduate out of Oxford, to the Regatta-week at Henley, and to his bed at home. The only thing to be regretted in his pictures is a description of a Head of a College which it is much to be hoped no one will be foolish enough to take as a portrait of a wise old man who died two years ago.

Has he really given us "the Compleat Oxford Man"? He has come very near indeed to doing so. He deludes us for awhile into thinking that he has. But when we shake off the charm he has laid on us we awake to admit that he has never shown us that perfectly charming, and far from uncommon, person who can do things athletic of one sort or another, and yet read like a fury and talk like a Socrates, or a Shelley, or a Montaigne. Again we rub our eyes and remember that the only reference to cricket in the whole book is the remark of a "spare man" at Henley that as he cannot see the lady of his love he may be driven to go and play that game; and the only mention of football is a reference to the opinion London policemen may form of Oxford undergraduates on a "Rugger night." So, after all, our Oxford Man is not quite "Compleat." But the reason for that is that he is inexhaustible; and evidently no one knows

this better than Mr. Gibbs. He has concentrated himself, for the benefit of his readers, mainly on boating and boxing; and he writes like a past master (or present master, if the phrase be allowed). He even enters into the charmed circle of Blues, and tells us with much biting irony why it is that a boxer is only a "half." Of course in all this, in the more limited part of his book, or in the wider, where he surveys all undergraduate mankind (except when they play football or cricket), there may be things that some critics will not recognise; but that will be their fault. They may desiderate a more serious view, and begin to talk about the idle rich. There is no doubt that Mr. Gibbs' undergraduates are rich and that they assume the air of being idle. But as a matter of fact he knows—none better—that there is very serious work done at Oxford, that no one is handicapped by being poor, and that every one can if he will be studious as well as (like Mr. Gibbs' characters) clean and merry. A charming epitaph said of its subject, in the language of the eighteenth century, that "His Religion did not make him insociable, nor his Mirth irreligious." Now that is exactly true of the Compleat Oxford Man; and there is nothing in Mr. Gibbs' charming book to prevent our seeing it.

A final word may be added, perhaps, on what, after the two special subjects of Mr. Gibbs' enthusiasm, will strike readers as being the best parts of the book, or at any rate the truest. Such are the descriptions of the attitude of undergraduates towards dons' wives and "tea in the parks," the account of an interview with a nervous Vice-President (the successor of one who allowed anybody "chapels" for the asking), and the description of a "Smoker" with the rather irritable young Dons at the end. We do not dare to suspect too much literalism even in these; though we are getting very near it when we have a verse of a College song. On the other hand, we feel sure we have wandered far from fact when we find the consumption of *Veuve Clicquot* not uncommon, and are told that the University hooligan is "very often destined for the Church." Finally, we are very glad to see a good word, more than once, for College servants. And if we recognise portraits of them or of Dons, we hold our tongue.

THE MASTER GENIUS OF JOURNALISM

Masters of Literature: De Quincey. Edited by SIDNEY LOW.
(G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

CHARLES LAMB is reported to have said, with that playful spite which was characteristic of certain of his humours, that he never dared look at the Cumbrian mountains for fear of seeing the apparition of Wordsworth's great hooked nose between their peaks. Some such association is almost inevitable in the case of any writer of marked individuality, and there is one for the name of Thomas De Quincey. This is not, as might at first be imagined, his waistcoat-pocket pennyworth of happiness, but something less recondite and even more characteristic—a litter. That huge bath, full of the manuscript fragments of many years' accumulation, into which, when some publisher or editor pressed for copy, he fished with such sublime impartiality; those locked doors from which he fled in comic terror of the inextricable chaos they restrained—these are the associations which seem most fitting to the man.

De Quincey is an example of the narrow limits in which indubitable genius may find expression. One had almost written that in him we have genius subsisting on the minimum—this in a quantitative rather than in a qualitative sense. Genius is always specific rather than comprehensive; its peculiar abnormality ever counterbalanced by curious

deficiencies. But literary genius has never more emphatically declared itself within such limited scope than in the case of De Quincey. The very circumstances of his life betrayed few of the "irregularities of genius" which we have come to look for. He is not to be reckoned among the "great philanderers." He neither hated his country rhetorically nor loved her lyrically; and he rather flattered than despised his public. But his unique distinction lies here: he achieved recognition as a master of English prose through the medium of writings that were almost wholly fragmentary, and with none of the white-heat motive-power that, in the form of an exalted doctrine or a sublime passion, has so often lifted the wings of genius to its loftiest flights. De Quincey should have a special niche in the temple of the devotees of *l'Art pour l'Art*, for his genius lay entirely in the direction of perception and expression. He dreamed massive works that never saw their second chapter, but he could invest a mere contingency with the lucid magic of his fancy, and a white cloud seen through a window was more to him than a yellow sea of primroses to Peter Bell.

Mr. Sidney Low, whose Introduction to this volume, if brief, is a valuable contribution to the criticism of De Quincey, presents his subject in the suggestive light of the genius as journalist. He shows how circumstance helped to define the author, for De Quincey commenced his literary activity in the halcyon period of magazine literature, when that medium was informed with a seriousness and uniformly high quality which, with all the brilliance of present-day journalism, has perhaps never been quite regained. But it was not altogether that he had in the first instance to "cut his work to magazine scale;" his genius was, as we have shown, of just that peculiar order. There was little that came his way but he could illuminate with the chromatic light of his imagination; much that suggested to him infinite possibilities of treatment; but his power could be sustained only over a short compass, or rather, it so swiftly distributed itself that few of the great possibilities he discerned had opportunity for sustained development:—

He had thought of many things; but it seems that he had thought out none. . . . There are brilliant flashes of truth everywhere, but they are not followed out: they guide us to nothing, or lead us astray into some tangled swamp of discursive prolixity.

De Quincey himself laid something of this to the charge of opium, but while it may have aggravated, Mr. Low is of the opinion that it does not entirely account for the deficiency.

But such considerations as these are not to mitigate our full enjoyment of De Quincey's prose, nor do they subtract in any appreciable measure from the undoubted genius of his work. We have not his projected "History of England in twelve volumes," or his "book on the relations of Christianity to man," but we would not on this account resign his "Confessions," his "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," or his "Vision of Sudden Death." If he was nothing more than a sublime journalist, De Quincey merits the title of Perpetual Laureate of Journalism. Often too discursive and digressive to be brought even into the category of the strict essay, his brilliant fragments seldom fail to sustain the level of a lofty, rich, and rhythmical prose. Indeed, as Mr. Low points out, he has his indisputable place in literary history as the prose-poet of the romantic movement, and his influence as a stylist on his successors has been incalculable. All that goes to make that much-discussed quality, style, is to be found in rich abundance in these selected pages; rhythm and colour, passion and pathos, facility and felicity—*et l'homme*.

In this particular instance, as he is ready to own, Mr. Lee has had a happy task, for few writers lend themselves so perfectly to the work of selection as De Quincey. And the

editor has given such a sublimity as should serve to perpetuate "the English Opium Eater's" fame, and attract not a few new feasters to his delectable fare.

INDIAN SPORT

Stalks in the Himalaya: Jottings of a Sportsman-Naturalist.

By E. P. STEBBING, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated.

(John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. STEBBING is an officer of the Indian Forest Department, which he joined in 1893, and, being a member of an Imperial Service, has been liable to serve, and, as his record shows, has served, in many Provinces of Upper India, from Zhob in the West to Chittagong in the East. He dwells chiefly upon his expeditions after game in Chamba, Sikkim, on the Bhutan frontier, on the Himalaya-Tibet road beyond Simla, the Salt Range country, and the Afghan border. He limits himself strictly to his subject—sport, so that he says nothing of any importance of these parts of India in their other aspects; his descriptions of the mountainous country are of a very general character, except where he refers to the trees, of which he had professional knowledge. This is not his first effort in literature. His earlier work on "Jungle Byways in India" dealt with sport in the plains; this is meant to be a companion volume, compiled from the jottings and notes of a sportsman-naturalist, treating of the shooting of big game and birds in the hills. It contains the usual enthusiastic eulogy of the charms of a camping life in the hills, which all who have tried it have felt; but Mr. Stebbing is too practical an Anglo-Indian to gush at any length over mountain scenery and the glories of Nature. He quickly comes to the big game, the goral, the various sorts of deer, the Kashmir and Shou or Sikkim stags, and then deals, in different parts, with the bears, the cats (tigers, panthers, leopards), the goats, and the sheep, with some observations on the pheasants, monal, kaleej, and cheer, and the chukor. Though he was not always successful, he procured trophies of most of the larger animals he mentions—the several kinds of bear, the serow, the tahr, the markhor, ibex, bhoral, and urial.

If it pleases Mr. Stebbing to write such books, transcribed from his notes, there is no earthly reason why he should not do so; but he cannot expect other people to take the same interest or find the same amusement in his personal adventures, his stalks after animals up tremendous acclivities, his descents of precipitous slopes, his escapes and his triumphs. Such books are commonplace and altogether ephemeral. General Kinloch (whom Mr. Stebbing persistently calls Kinlock) wrote a much better book on "Large Game-shooting in Tibet, the Himalayas, &c.;" also Major Bruce's "Twenty Years in the Himalaya," and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot's "Forest Life and Sport in India" have anticipated Mr. Stebbing as to his Himalayan ranges visited and the subjects treated. The whole matter has been somewhat overdone, and no more books on sport in the hills are required unless an author has something special to say. Mr. Stebbing has hardly anything new to add to the knowledge of sport, the ways of animals, or natural history. The observations, based on his personal experience, on the proper manner to treat *shikaris* (native hunters) may be useful, though other sportsmen hold, he admits, very different opinions. He records a warning against wearing a wrist-watch while stalking without covering it up, as on one occasion it transmitted a helio message to a fine stag, at which he had an absolute pot-shot, and thus lost. He also exposes the absurdity of globe-trotters taking an English valet into the interior of the hills,

which once at least resulted, for want of accommodation in the forest bungalow, in the servant having to share his master's room, and probably his bed also. It will be news to many that in some places urial live in flocks, numbering up to thirty.

But if Mr. Stebbing has otherwise nothing new to offer, he makes a fresh departure in English grammar in using the expressions "even for he who," "necessary for he who," "a man to replace he who," where "him" was obviously the correct word. However, Mr. Stebbing should not be discouraged; he should continue taking notes, and when he has earned his pension and retires he may be able to do something better than merely record personal experiences. The illustrations of the heads of animals, which are very well done, are a prominent feature in the book, and the views of mountain scenery, though for the most part mere sketches, recall to the memory many a familiar spectacle.

SHORTER REVIEWS

ART AND MEMORY

Training of the Memory in Art. By LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN.

Translated by L. D. LUARD. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net)

M. LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN was a great art teacher, whose life coincided almost exactly with the nineteenth century. His qualifications amounted to genius. He had original notions of his own, and (what was still more to the purpose) he could communicate them to his pupils. Those pupils included some of the most famous names in modern painting and sculpture, through whom in widening circles he has influenced and still influences others as famous. Education, he realised, could not create genius, but it could do a great deal towards developing it, and in his hands it achieved some very remarkable results. His main theory was that expressed in the admirable work before us—that one of the indispensable qualifications for a true artist is the cultivation of the memory gift to its highest possible power. Memory means so much. It means swift accuracy, it means a tenacious grasp of the essential features of a subject, which is gained by memorising salient details to the suppression of the irrelevant and the superfluous. Mr. Boisbaudran trained his pupils to feats of memory which are nothing less than astounding, and some of the examples given in this volume of memory-drawings from well-known subjects would be almost incredible were it not that they exist to shame the doubter. Before a man could produce such results at all he needed a very high degree of technical skill of the ordinary sort. But armed with the acquirement demanded by M. Boisbaudran, he could memorise his subjects, and especially the pictorial moments of Nature as she lives and moves—the swift and evanescent attitudes of the human figure and passing phases of expression, in the fresh air and open country, and lighted by the sky—as no ordinary technical training could possibly bring him to do.

Furthermore, M. Boisbaudran would have nothing to do with prizes and competitions. His students were made to understand that their business was to study Nature simply and without prejudice, with the sole purpose of recording the impressions received directly from her. Their eye was to be single, so that their bodies should become full of light. No work of art can be produced with double and incompatible aims: the man who desires to win a prize will think of his judges more than his work; and more recently,

as Mr. Louis Parker has shown in practice, the art of pageantry will only reach the point of being an art when there is no confusing question of the disposal of any possible pecuniary profits. Thus if there were among the pupils any youth of genius—that is to say, with an individual message to deliver—he would have freedom to develop and to deliver that message instead of being fettered by the conventions demanded by the judges in prize competitions. All this, of course, has been said before, and by nobody more strongly than Ruskin; but M. Boisbaudran was the first that we know of to give these principles full play and opportunity. So his book, which records those principles and aims and methods, is stimulating and instructive in the highest degree, and we can only express our gratitude to the translator, who has made available for us in the English tongue the precious lifeblood of this great master spirit.

Our Fighting Sea Men. By LIONEL YEXLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

THE average Englishman, whose ways do not lie near the sea and its ships, or at any rate near its fighting-ships, has very vague ideas as to the life on board the battle-craft on which his safety so intimately depends. Thousands of good people who visit their favourite watering-places year after year have never seen a cruiser, or have only seen one as a blur of grey and a wisp of smoke in the distance; they do not know a torpedo-boat from a punt, and take but the slightest interest in affairs which excite the enthusiasm of Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth; and this, not because they are particularly stay-at-home folk, or unpatriotic, or lacking in intelligence, but simply because their lives are passed out of touch with naval matters. They know, if they read the papers, that the crew of a battleship numbers anything from five hundred to eight or nine hundred men; but of the rules and regulations, the arrangements and complications, necessary to control and employ to the best effect such an assembly they know as much as they do of the breech-mechanism of a 13.5 gun.

To such folk this book of Mr. Yexley will be—or ought to be—of enthralling interest, for he is an expert on all naval subjects, as those of us brought up in dockyard towns are well aware. Of the modern fighting-ship and its personnel he treats with exceptional first-hand knowledge; he is frank and fearless in his comments, and so clear that the least technical reader can fully comprehend him. For instance, he does not defend such a “regrettable incident” as the throwing overboard of a ship’s gun-sights, but he speaks pertinently with regard to the necessity for something more than the customary inquiry conducted by naval men only. Such breaches of discipline, he maintains, “should be dealt with by an outside and entirely disinterested authority, with power to go into the matter with the object of tracing the cause and effecting its removal.”

The chapter entitled “In Lighter Vein” contains many amusing stories, some of which we should like to quote had we space to spare. In the first half of the book Mr. Yexley tells much of the history of our battle-fleet; he covers an immense amount of ground—in the chapter “Ship Mutinies,” for example, we have the tale of the *Bounty* and Pitcairn Island. The main portion of the volume, however, is concerned with service conditions at the present day, and makes fascinating reading; the whole book, in fact, is one which should be studied by any one who is interested in the men of the English Navy. And, in a country protected by these floating fortresses, who dare say he can disregard them?

The Romance of Aeronautics: An Account of the Growth and Achievements of all Kinds of Aerial Craft. By CHARLES C. TURNER. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s.)

THE idea of being able to rise in the atmosphere and travel through unlimited space—

To reign in the air, from the earth to highest sky—

has so possessed mankind at all times that it can be traced back to the earliest traditions of the human race. Aerial navigation, in one form or another, figures largely in the ancient pagan mythologies. A belief in horsemen of the air is to be met with in early Hebrew folklore, whilst in the Scriptures we read of those winged celestial beings the seraphim and cherubim. The first flying creatures of this terraqueous globe were probably the Ornithosaurians, those Dragons of the Air of the Mesozoic or secondary period of time, and therefore it is by no means strange that ancient races should have bequeathed to us the effigies carved in stone of various huge winged monsters like those to be found in the ruins of the buried cities of bygone ages. Such symbolic figures were familiar to the Assyrians, and no doubt to still earlier peoples. Mr. Turner only cursorily glances at the fanciful legendary period of aerial navigation. Like Mr. Gradgrind, he is anxious to get to the domain of facts, hence the romantic part of his story is considerably curtailed. He mentions, however, the adventure of Simon Magus, the Magician and founder of Gnosticism, who, on attempting to ascend to the heavens, plunged—

With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition.

The volume, which contains many interesting illustrations, deals chiefly with the more modern and authentic side of aeronautics, and shows what great advances have been made in the art of so-called flying during recent years. After all, Bishop Wilkins may not have been so very far out when he declared more than two centuries and a half ago that the time would come when men would call for their wings as they did in his day for their boots and spurs.

Peeps at the Heavens. By the REV. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

THESE astronomical peeps provide a fund of information concerning the world of our system and the starry spaces beyond. The author has adopted a simple style of writing, avoiding technical terms almost entirely, and his account of the heavenly bodies will be easily understood by any fairly intelligent child or more elderly tyro. Long ago it used to be universally thought that comets were sent to foretell all sorts of dreadful things, and even in these days of enlightenment some benighted people may be found who still believe that—

A Blazing Star

Threatens the World with Famine, Plague, and War;
To Princes, death; to Kingdoms, many crosses;
To all Estates, inevitable losses;
To Herdmen, rot; to Ploughmen, hapless Seasons;
To Sailors, storms; to Cities, civil treasons.

Halley’s Comet, which reappears every seventy-six years, put in an appearance in the eventful year 1066, when William of Normandy was getting ready to invade England, a “strange coincidence” which, with others, may account for the superstition. Another comet—Donati’s, with its magnificent plummy tail—travels for more than two thousand years before

reappearing. The illustrations to this interesting volume are excellent, especially those in colour by Constance N. Baikie.

Australia. By FRANK FOX. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

MESSRS. BLACK are adding several new volumes to their admirable series "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities." One of the latest gives a concise but entertaining and instructive account of the great Australian continent and the adjacent islands. Ostensibly written for young people, these small books will, no doubt, also prove interesting reading to many persons of maturer years, and the volume under notice is sure to be appreciated by every one who opens it. The first chapter relates the beginnings of the "Sleeping Beauty" land and the coming of the English, the second deals with the Australia of to-day; while other chapters describe the natives, the animals and birds, and the "Bush," or forest, of the sunny Southern continent. The last chapter of all is devoted to the Australian child, the hope and the pride of this youngest of civilised nations. A word of praise must be bestowed on the coloured illustrations, and the one depicting the garden-streets of Adelaide shows how even a busy and populous city may at the same time be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever." It would be an improvement if the titles to the plates were printed in a rather bolder type.

Britain on and Beyond the Sea. By CECIL H. CROFTS. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d.)

THE present volume on "Britain on and Beyond the Sea" is issued as a Handbook to the Navy League Map of the World, and is "dedicated to the British Schoolboy." It is divided into two parts: Chapter I. deals with the naval history of Britain from 1588-1911, and is broken up into periods which treat of the various engagements as they took place. Chapter II. gives a short and concise account of British dominions beyond the sea. Both the map and the handbook are clearly and well arranged, and should prove of great assistance and interest to the schoolboy who wishes to learn as much as possible about the Empire to which he belongs.

NEW EDITIONS

Seven Splendid Sinners. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Twelve Bad Men. Edited by THOMAS SECCOMBE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Twelve Bad Women. Edited by ARTHUR VINCENT. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

IF good people like to read about wicked people—and we must suppose that they do, otherwise the inference is staggering to humanity—here they may find their pleasure, as it were, by the bucketful. "Bad Men"—"Bad Women"—"Splendid Sinners;" was there ever a "splendid" sinner? Is there not rather something inherently, inevitably squalid and pitiful about these sycophantic amusers of kings and toys of the courtly throng, courtesans, clinging avariciously to favour lest the worst of the outer darkness be their portion? There was much fine gold in some of their

natures, doubtless; but the gilt and tinsel spoil it. Such as they were, however, we suppose there will always be plenty of readers eager to know their story, unpleasant though it often may be; the colours are vivid enough to make a popular appeal, and inasmuch as the events dealt with are matters of history, forming, in some cases, important elucidative elements in the movements of famous characters, they cannot very well be neglected by the student.

In the three books here noticed some of the most notorious sinners are shepherded into favour, and (alas! for feminine frailty or feminine craft) the seven "splendid" ones are all ladies—the Duchesse de Châteauroux, Catherine II. of Russia, the Duchesse de Polignac, Lola Montez—so the list goes on. Mr. Trowbridge writes well and tactfully, although we question the advisability of tacking a stanza of Swinburne's "Dolores" to each chapter—one stanza per sinner; it is a little too pointed for our taste.

Mr. Seccombe's collection of twelve "Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels by Various Hands" is a capital idea, and it must be bracketed with Mr. Vincent's twelve "Illustrations and Reviews of Feminine Turpitude set forth by Impartial Hands." Many capable writers contribute articles on many capable sinners, and the general result is very readable; Mr. Alfred Kalisch's sketch of the life and times of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, is excellent; and Mr. W. A. J. Archbold's study of the notorious Judge Jeffreys is most comprehensive. All three of the volumes are attractively presented, and their contents, being written and supervised by men who have a literary reputation, rise considerably above the level of the too frequent, ordinary book of this class which only lives by its its scarcely veiled suggestiveness.

FICTION

CLAYHANGER—PART II.

Hilda Lessways. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

"HILDA LESSWAYS" is not, as many people will suppose, a sequel to "Clayhanger;" the two books are rather complementary, running as it were on parallel lines. In "Clayhanger" we had the evolution of a youth from the crude, inexperienced, provincial boy, to the lover and the master man; in the later work we are given the history of the woman with whom he fell in love, from raw girlhood to unhappy and experienced womanhood.

The process by which we arrive at a realisation of Hilda Lessways' rather complex character is familiar to readers of Mr. Bennett's books. He is no vivid, free-handed impressionist, dashing in his brushfuls of colour here and there, standing off and attitudinising to observe the startling effect; he is the steady worker in monochrome, filling in almost every detail, analysing the thoughts of his models, until we wonder whether in a few years he will not become, in a restricted field, a second Mr. Henry James. It is masterly, but, in the case of Hilda, not so convincing as it was in the depiction of Edwin Clayhanger; nor does George Cannon, the enterprising sinner who rouses reluctant passion in the girl who is fascinated by his smooth capability in worldly affairs, act consistently at the crucial moment when Hilda, married to him, discovers that he has a first wife still living. Such a man—expert, callous, and clever at subterfuge—would surely have made a better fight when the frightened Hilda tells him what she has overheard; so it seems to the reader, for he holds her heart at times of

emotion completely in his power, and she would have believed in him through everything. Several times we are led to conclude that the author's psychology is slightly at fault.

These things, however, do very little harm to the book from the standpoint of interest. "Clayhanger" held us from start to finish; so does "Hilda." It is abundantly clear that the scheme of the two novels—and doubtless that of the third which is promised—was thoroughly conceived and planned from the beginning. They fit like the pieces of a puzzle, although, perhaps, this is not a perfect comparison since at points they inevitably overlap—Edwin and Hilda's conversation at the critical moment of their intercourse, for instance, is one point. This does not matter; indeed, it was necessary in order to make the second novel complete in itself. Mr. Bennett's picture of the Orgreave family is one of the finest things he has done; every individual of that prosperous group, from humourless Mrs. Orgreave and her kindly, waggish, clever husband, to vivacious little Alicia, at the "flapper" stage of existence, is intensely alive and true. The life at the Brighton boarding-house, which forms the scene of a great part of this story, is so accurately and ingeniously portrayed that it makes the reader shiver. "Cannon's Boarding-house," despite its new and splendid brass plate, was not an exhilarating spot when Hilda took up her quarters there as Cannon's assistant:—

The street and the house were disappointing. After the grandeur of the promenade the street appeared shabby and third-rate; it had the characteristics of a side street; it was the retreat of those who could not afford anything better, and its base inhabitants walked out on to the promenade and swaggeringly feigned to be the equals of their superiors. The house also was shabby and third-rate—with its poor little glimpses of the sea. . . . It looked like a boarding-house, and not all the style of George Cannon's suit and cane and manner, as he mounted the steps, could redeem it from the disgrace of being a very ordinary boarding-house. . . . The party passed into a long, narrow hall, whose walls were papered to imitate impossible blocks of mustard-coloured marble. The party was now at home. . . .

With many touches resembling the "blocks of mustard-coloured marble" the depressing atmosphere is skilfully conveyed; the stale smell of past meals, the drone of the inane conversations, the cheerless bedrooms, the "kennels of the unclean servants"—Hilda realises it all, and "the organism of the boarding-house seemed absolutely tragic to her, compact of the stuff of sorrow itself."

Without doubt the book is depressing; but he who begins it must finish it, and leave off with the acute anticipation of the concluding volume of the trilogy strongly upon him. Let us hope that it will prove Mr. Arnold Bennett's masterpiece. To do that, however, it must be leavened with a little more of his lighter touch—the happier side of life which, as we know the "Five Towns" people, is not altogether swamped by the grimness and tragedy of too introspective heroes and heroines.

The General Plan. By EDMUND CANDLER. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

MR. EDMUND CANDLER is widely known as the author of "The Mantle of the East" and "The Unveiling of Lhasa," the latter of which in particular will be found on the shelves of most readers of books of travel. But we think we are right in saying that in this book he makes his first appearance as a writer of fiction. His stories are all concerned with the remarkable, and all save one with India or its neighbouring countries, Burma and Tibet. This topography

and choice of subject naturally suggest Kipling, and it is with him that Mr. Candler has most in common. He has the same zest for the occult, the same sympathy for the ordinary man in the lonely and difficult posts which he is called upon to fill in the East, the same love of colour and the same trick of backing away from the emotional. He is, perhaps, more restrained in style than Kipling, but at present far less perfect in construction. Of the nine stories in the book, four, "Gunga Water," "Mecca," "Walden," and "The Waters of Thunder," stand out as more remarkable than the rest. The first deals with the pilgrimage of Tilak Singh, a Sikh who had inherited a sinecure post in the palace of a decayed native kingdom, to Ramésvaram and how he found a soda-water bottle on the banks of the sacred river and believed it to be miraculously sent to him as a receptacle for holy water. We follow with all the vague distinctness and aroma of a dream his journey down India as far as that place, a week from the shrine of his pilgrimage, where a fanatic Brahmin destroyed his vision by telling him the real nature of his sacred bottle. "The Waters of Thunder," which in atmosphere recalls "The Man Who Would be King," and also the journey over the mountains in "Erewhon," is an account of an exploration into the middle of Bolivia to seek a waterfall, the din of which was so terrific that all living things in its neighbourhood were congenitally deaf; it also provides a problem in casuistry of great interest.

All these stories are of the nature of masterpieces. The touch is always sure, the details are handled with the utmost skill, and every page glows with rare colour and a fine sense of mystery. Of the others, "Probationary" tells of a young police-officer who in an unconstitutional manner revealed the murderers of a native king's favourite; while "The Testimony of Baghwan Singh" is concerned with the ghost of a bereaved lover and how it sought and found an explanation of its loss. "A Break in the Rains" recalls "The Mark of the Beast" in describing the eerie vengeance which followed the desecration of a native idol. What Mr. Candler knows of India must be very great; he never seems at fault for the most intimate detail, and he has no difficulty in convincing us that India remains a gold mine for the tale-teller of real gifts. By this volume he puts himself, in our opinion, far ahead of all writers of Indian stories but Kipling, and we see no reason why he should not in the near future give us another inspired revelation of the jungle such as "The Jungle Books," or another such close and haunting transcript of native life as "Kim."

The Unofficial Honeymoon. By DOLF WYLLARDE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

WHEN an authoress says of her book, "It has no parallel in real life, and is, I believe, utterly impossible in all its details," the critic, especially the captiously inclined one, is disarmed, and, under the circumstances, to cavil would be more than ever objectionable and out of place. We will not therefore find fault with the strange title Miss Dolf Wyllarde has chosen to give this delightful story of the simple life under a tropical sky. We must, nevertheless, warn the reader that "The Unofficial Honeymoon" has nothing in common with "the first month after marriage," which is the dictionary definition of that generally supposed blissful period. Indeed, it precedes by some months the consummation of the "excellent mystery," and is nothing more shocking than an *al fresco* courtship under more or less primeval conditions with no censorious Mrs. Grundy, or inquisitive policeman round the corner to play Peeping Tom. The problem the authoress has set herself to solve—

for this is unquestionably a problem-novel—is, put briefly, how would a man and woman act for whom there was no such thing as public opinion? So by means of a tidal wave, or something of the sort, she casts her selected couple ashore on an uninhabited island in Polynesia, where she leaves them to their own resources for six months. There is danger of “a return to the merely animal,” but the situation is saved by the timely arrival of a mission-boat driven out of her course, and “the imperative necessity of the one woman to the one man” is satisfied according to the usages of polite modern society and the canons of the Church.

The Red Lantern. By EDITH WHERRY. (John Lane. 6s.)

MISS (or should it be Mrs?) WHERRY'S book labours under the initial disadvantages of a flaming representation of a red Chinese lantern on the cover, a title printed in large letters of a very sanguinary hue, and a very familiar quotation on the title-page concerning the incompatibility of East and West. But it is not the mere riot of sensation which these things suggest. The story tells, often intelligently and always carefully, of the Boxer rising of 1900, as it affected an American Mission in Peking and two Eurasians, who were at one time among its inmates. In the proem, perhaps the best part of the book, we meet Mahleex, the daughter of a Chinese woman and a “foreign mandarin,” in a coffin-maker's shop, where she attends on her old grandmother amid all the weirdness and fantasy proper to a Chinese background. To placate the old lady on her deathbed Mahleex tries to cut off her own indecently large feet, and is found unconscious and carried by a deaf-mute to the Mission. Her after-life contains plenty of vicissitude, a large part in it being played by Sam Wang, another Eurasian, who is also a Boxer, a qualified medical man, and a complete ruffian. The authoress overdoes her descriptions at times, and they are apt to smack of the guide-book. No doubt she is right in assuming great ignorance of Chinese life in her readers, but the excess of local colour has its natural effect in making the story itself seem rather immaterial.

A Painter of Souls. By DAVID LISLE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. DAVID LISLE is to be heartily congratulated upon his novel “A Painter of Souls.” It is a piece of work of which he may be justly proud. Miles Dering, the character round which the plot of the book revolves, is a young Irish painter, full of genius, and a pupil and ardent disciple of the famous Carrière. Besides being a rising artist he has absorbed ethics from an uncle, who had been a friend of Emerson and a member of the Brook Farm Community. He has a studio in Rome, where the *mise-en-scène* of the book is laid, and the author paints for his readers an interesting, vivid, and life-like pen-portrait of society life during a winter season in the Eternal City.

A famous artist, who scorns and makes fun of Carrière's methods, nicknames Dering “The Painter of Souls,” but Dering proves his genius to be stronger than ridicule, for his character stands well out and is finely drawn throughout the book. His love-story is both human and real. There is a point on which no doubt many readers will agree—namely, that the girl, Violet Hilliard, who wins the heart of Miles Dering, is not worthy of him or of his greatness. The subtle character of the Princess Borizoff is a piece of unique characterisation. The book is one which will undoubtedly meet with well-deserved approbation.

THE THEATRE

“THE GREAT NAME”

THEATRE managers in London resemble more and more those plucky and persistent Frenchmen who go down to the Seine day after day, year after year, armed with baits and rods, and a small box to sit upon, and fish. The former are just as likely to bring the public into their theatres as the latter can ever hope to hook a fish. In the case of the latter there are no fish to hook; but the former have no such excuse to put forward as to an audience. It is merely a question of bait. Again and again these dogged gentlemen, who do not, as some may think, run theatres for fun, have been told by observant people as well as by the audience to whom they make so many piteous appeals, what is the bait that attracts. They know better. They have devoted their lives to the business of theatres in one capacity or another, and they are in no need for friendly advice. They surely are experts, and whether the plays they put up in such painfully quick succession fail instantly, or drag their half-deserted length along for three months, they hold that they are the plays which ought to have attracted because they produced them.

How really sad it is! Also, how amazing. They are, unbelievably enough, incapable of learning a lesson from the abortive attempts of their brothers. Because A and B fail with such and such type of play, it does not follow that I too shall fail. The productions of A and B had not the inestimable advantage of my personality in the leading part, they say to their obsequious hirelings, who agree. Just as if that mattered. There is no actor or actress on the London stage who has the power to draw a single human being into the theatre if the play is uninteresting. As in horse-racing, where men back their fancies and lose ninety-nine times out of a hundred, so it is in play-producing, where the manager puts up a play that he likes without taking the trouble to ask himself if the people for whose entertainment it is produced will like it also.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey is just as inexpert and persistent as the French fishermen and the rest of the managers. He has seen that audiences have refused to support adaptations from the French, so he characteristically pins his faith to an adaptation from the German made by himself. In the case of “The Great Name,” with which he recently reopened the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having been very successful with an adaptation from the French, by accident, it would not have mattered very much who made the version used. Mr. Hawtrey would have seen to it that the adaptor transplanted the scenes and characters from their native and only element to that of England, where they are impossible. “The Great Name,” by Victor Leon and Leo Feld, was a great success in Germany. It deserved to be. It told a simple human story excellently, and presented a set of everyday German people with admirable faithfulness, and the author's dialogue was full of humour and pathos. It was natural that such a play should have made an instant and irresistible appeal.

Mr. Hawtrey bought the English rights, believing—and rightly believing—that English audiences are no different from those of Germany in that they, too, have hearts that are easily touched, and a great appreciation of a charming story. He then set to work to remove from the play those very points of excellence which carried it to success. He twisted its characters out of all recognition by making them belong to a different nationality. He removed the scene from Germany to England, and he ruthlessly contorted the main motive so that he, as leading actor, should be regarded as an amusing, irresponsible creature. Victor Leon and Leo Feld have therefore precisely the same cause of grievance against English managers as nearly all French authors have

against them. The play as they wrote it has not been seen. What has been seen is merely a weak distortion—something to which they would be ashamed to sign their names.

In German we found an accurate atmosphere of a middle-class home. The reek of garlick was everywhere. We found men and women who had walked straight out of the street on to the stage. We had met the successful composer of well-orchestrated tunes, the man who had made a fortune by supplying light, catchy numbers to musical plays, whose sentimental vases were played in every restaurant and beerhouse by every amateur pianist, either with both hands or one. His clothes were right, his hair characteristic; it was right that he should wear rings and glasses and have run to fat in early middle-age. It was right also that his publisher should almost live in his over-grand house and refer to the homely old mother, who counted every farthing, in the matter of contracts. Above all, it was most right that there should be a fly in the ointment of this too successful man—two flies; that one should be that of heavy sentiment in the shape of unrequited love, and the other a secret and bitter jealousy of those less successful musicians who wrote music that would live, and not mere graceful jingles which hung not much longer on the air than rings of cigarette-smoke. The play was written by Germans for Germans about Germans—in which case there must be simple sentiment as well as picturesque sausages.

It almost goes without saying that the woman who had won and retained the successful man's love should be married to an old friend and fellow-student whose music was too high-class to be popular. It goes without saying also that the wealthy valse-monger should have discharged this embryo Grieg or Schumann from his orchestra, having failed to recognise in the grim, cynical face of the embittered musician the round, optimistic countenance of the boy by whose side he worked; that, discovering the true state of things, he should rush off to his old sweetheart and offer, even thrust, his enthusiastic help upon her and her husband; and that at last, as all his suggestions had been proudly refused, he should urge the great musician to win a hearing for his *magnum opus* by putting it before the public under another name—the name of his successful friend. The truth must, of course, be told when there is a lull in the tumultuous applause long enough to permit of the announcement.

All this was interesting, amusing, pathetic, and right. The last Act, however, led up to a splendid and very moving situation—a fine paradox. The Act was placed in the artistes' room of the concert-hall during the first performance of the great symphony of the unknown musician. The two men, both nervous and on tenterhooks, came face to face and spoke to each other as men only speak in moments of great excitement and suspense. The musician, while thanking his generous friend for all that he had done, told him of the jealousy which had been eating into his soul. To be renowned, to have money, to enjoy triumphs—ah, how he envied all these! And then the valse-king turned upon the pale, half-starved creature and confessed that such jealousy was as nothing when compared to that which he felt for the man who had composed the symphony which was at that very moment holding the audience spellbound. Jealousy! . . . He would gladly put all his vases, money, renown, ease and comfort in a heap and watch them blaze if only he had it in him to write such music. His name would die with him. His friend's name would be cut deep into the heart of his country.

And then the final curtain—the success of the unsuccessful man, the self-disgust and misery of the man who had succeeded. All very good and sincere and excellent. What does Mr. Hawtrey do with it? He makes himself "John Harcourt," a well-groomed, conventional person, who certainly had a club in St. James's Street, and

went to Eton and Oxford. He put him in an extremely civilised house in St. John's Wood. He talked about "musical comedies" at the Gaiety, not of the comic operas for which the German composed his tunes. There is a world of difference. He dragged in a Lady Roderick. His mother might easily have passed muster for a Duchess. He twisted the whole thing out of the lower middle-class German atmosphere into the public-school atmosphere of England. The perpetual Jew music-publisher was therefore comic in two senses. The pale-faced Robert Brand, the other composer, was too real, too tragic, for so untruthful a frame. The love-story was trimmed almost all away, hedged, and made foolish and insincere. It became English mutton which had never hung in the same larder as a piece of garlic, and at the same time it was not mutton at all. It was a vegetarian substitute.

The acting success in this unsatisfactory, unsatisfying production was indubitably made by Mr. Arthur Playfair as the music-publisher. Utterly unlike a music-publisher, he gained all the laughter of the evening by a genuinely comic piece of work. Mr. James Hearn did more than any other English actor could have done with his material, and brought into the play a note of actuality which was inimical to it. Miss Lydia Bilbrook looked very beautiful and picturesque, and played her extraneous part most charmingly. It goes without saying that Miss Mary Rorke was good to the eye and ear. So also was Miss Dorothy Thomas as the unsuccessful musician's brave wife. The boy and girl were badly cast. Miss Enid Leslie, late of the Gaiety Theatre, bore its marks upon her. Every moment we expected to see her catch the conductor's eye and break into a song of six notes. Mr. Charles Hawtrey was, with all his limitations, very natural and at times very sympathetic. He played for laughs where no laughter was needed, and was either afraid to let himself go in the big scene in the last act or incapable of doing so. Perhaps he felt that his personality and his version were wrong. If so he was perfectly right. Mr. Hawtrey must stick to his last. It is a pity, but he cannot assume the character of any man who is not the very spit of himself. He is always then very well worth seeing.

PICKWICK RIDDLES—II.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD

AMONG other prodigies in Pickwick is Wardle's great barouche, which ought to have had four stout horses to draw it. This vehicle held—how many persons will it be supposed? Let us count. There was old Wardle himself, his two daughters, his sister, his future son-in-law, and Tupman (six in all), with yet another, the fat boy, outside. That makes seven, and, as two of the party were very corpulent men, there was surely no room for any more. But presently they were joined by Messrs. Pickwick, Winkle, and Snodgrass, and, incredible as it may seem, accommodation was found for all. How, it does not appear. The party now consisted of eight inside and two outside, making in all ten. The corpulent Mr. Pickwick was added to the other two corpulent gentlemen. Then begins the eating of lunch, with plates and bottles, which required additional room for elbows, &c.

Dr. Slammer, who challenged Winkle at the Rochester Ball, said he had identified him by the gilt buttons on his coat, which showed a bust (Mr. Pickwick) and the two letters "P.C." This was inconceivable, unless the Doctor had seized on one of the buttons and brought it close to the light to decipher.

One of the most curious problems in the work is the

mysterious system of punctuation adopted by the author. System it may be called, as it is quite uniform and directed by a sort of general rule. Further, it does not seem to have been followed in his other writings. The chief feature was an old fashion of using commas in odd places where one would have expected the words to follow on without separation. He also used the colon and semi-colon profusely where one would have expected commas. To illustrate this treatment, I will supply a few instances:—

... the same, who with a brass label &c. looked at the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return, in chosen terms, his thanks &c.

In this strain, with an occasional glass of ale, by way of parenthesis, when the coach changed horses, did the stranger proceed, until they reached Rochester Bridge, by which time the note-books, both of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, &c.

And again—

"You rendered us a very important service, this morning, Sir."

Punctual to five o'clock, came the stranger.

From the height of conviviality, to the depth of misery—perpetual snoring, with a partial choke, occasionally, were to know, that the moment he awoke, he would, in the ordinary course of nature, roll to bed.

Prince Bladud's history, we are told, was written on "two sheets of paper"—i.e., two pages. Now it makes five pages of print, or two thousand words, which could never be compressed into two sheets of paper.

At Bath it was settled by Bantam, M.C., that the Distinguished Visitors' book should be sent to the Pump-room for Mr. Pickwick's inspection. "Boz" forgot this arrangement, and sent the book to the Assembly-rooms—a long way off, which were not opened till night. And how was it that on the stormy night at Bath, which was "tearing up the paving-stones" in its fury, and blowing people out of the Crescent, there were ladies in full dress leaving a house in the Crescent to walk home?

Another marvel! How did Sam know about Sterne and the dead ass and the story of Maria of Moulines? Also about Dr. Faustus? Probably from the popular prints in the shop windows.

We are told that a week after the elder Winkle's arrival from Birmingham Mr. Pickwick began his quest for a house at Dulwich, performing the greatest feat he ever accomplished in his long and strenuous life. He not only sought and found a suitable one, but had it remodelled—we presume painted and decorated—a smoking-room fitted up, and furnished from top to bottom, all within *six* days!

When the drunken party returned from Muggleton, how could Tupman, an invalid with his arm in a sling, help the much-staggering Pickwick up to his bed?

And how is it that Mrs. Sanders at the trial speaks of Mrs. Bardell's scene with Mr. Pickwick as having taken place on "the morning in July," whereas it was on May 27th, nearly two months earlier.

On one of Sam's smart answers the little Judge "looked sternly at Sam for *full two minutes*"—a long, long time for a look in a crowded court.

There was one person in the Fleet who had a penknife with twenty-five blades, but the Jews at the White Horse Cellar were offering some with fifty, which seems a "record" knife.

We know that Mr. Pickwick, on setting off from Goswell-street, "put his clothes into his portmanteau and himself

into his clothes." But it seems our author was mistaken here. Mr. Pickwick must have unpacked his portmanteau and put his clothes into a *carpet bag*, which he carried to the Golden Cross: *vide* the picture. It is well to be accurate even in such trifles.

The old lady at Manor Farm, who was too feeble to move from the fireplace, and who had to be assisted to the arbour leaning on a stick with one hand, the other resting on the fat boy's shoulders, suddenly and miraculously regained all her youthful strength at the Christmas festivities, galloping up and down in the country dance. Wonderful!

We have all laughed heartily at the "tall quadruped" and Mr. Pickwick's driving of the chaise from Rochester. But there are some odd, unaccountable things. Why was Winkle made to dismount from his "tall horse" to pick up Mr. Pickwick's whip when the two Pickwickians in the carriage could have done so? or why not Mr. P. himself? Why did Mr. Pickwick himself get down to hold the tall horse when he did not get down to pick up his own whip? In the "sagacious dog" picture the artist forgot to furnish his gun with a cock.

One of "Boz's" pleasant illusions for himself and the reader is that there was an old affectionate friendship between Wardle and Pickwick. What a glowing, touching speech the latter made at the wedding! Two dear old "pals" and contemporaries who may have been boys together. Yet their whole knowledge of each other was comprised within a span of a few days!

It is stated that there were "no children" in Mrs. Bardell's lodgings, but was there not the noisy and obstreperous Tommy? How did Jingle prophetically know of Douglas Jerrold's famous play "Black-eyed Susan" two years before its production? At the drunken scene at Manor Farm the spinster aunt whispered to Tupman about Jingle, when the fact was that Tupman was not in the room, but was helping Mr. Pickwick up to bed. Bantam, it seems, actively carried "a pliant cane" made of *ebony*—where did he procure this curiosity? But this is not all the oddity. Who knows of a novel in which there are two chapters with the same heading? Here we have chapter xxviii. No. 1, and chapter xxviii. No. 2. When the mistake was discovered a star was added to No. 2, but only in the contents table; it was forgotten in the text. The one volume was divided into two, and a title-page printed for each, yet the pagination was not altered, and the second volume begins with 300 or so. Again there are 609 pages of text, each pair with the heading: "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." By some freak a single page has "Posthumous Papers, &c." The other page "Pickwick Club." Why? The plates are in even a wilder confusion. The first artist died by his own hand after a number or two. His successor's two plates were so bad that they were withdrawn after issue, and the author dismissed; the third made half a dozen "versions" of each plate, so that none agrees, and collectors are bewildered. For the artist issued half a dozen of each, and each of the half-dozen differed from the other. Some thirty artists could be named who furnished "extra illustrations." The very name of the story remained an uncertainty, ranging from "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful record of the perambulations, &c.," to "The Pickwick Papers," or "The Pickwick Club" simply. The writer was not Dickens, but "Boz"; the illustrator not Browne, but "Phiz." Then the author, in grief at the loss of a true friend, suspended the book. He issued an address to the public explaining the interruption. He also issued other "addresses" to his readers, which were sewn up in the parts.

Such are the quaint vagaries of this astonishing work.

TATTERSHALL CASTLE

THE report that this English castle has been purchased, with the object of conveying it bodily to America, opens up many vistas. First of all it affords a vantage ground from whence the trend of modern land legislation may be appreciated. To possess land and houses in Great Britain is rapidly becoming as penal as to own the shares of a brewery company. Not content with the injury of rendering such property unsaleable, save at slaughter prices, the trusted leaders of the Radical party seem to be intent on holding the owners of real estate up to public obloquy. Mr. Lloyd George never fails, when addressing an indiscriminating audience, to represent the landowner as worse than a drone in the social hive. Castles and parks must of course often come into the market, but, if England were really prospering, home buyers doubtless would be found for them. When travellers return from scenes of Oriental despotism they tell us of areas of fertile territory lapsing into prairie. The State is ever busy in such lands in the congenial occupation of killing the goose of security which lays the golden eggs of national prosperity. While judging others we are ourselves guilty of precisely the same folly. The coming Conservative Administration will fail in its duty if it does not at the earliest moment set to work to repeal the recent legislation which has well-nigh killed the traffic in British land. State plunder of the wealthy landowner is a futile and myopic policy. Revenue so raised goes the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire of State expenditure. If the wealth of all our millionaire landowners were confiscated to-day, in a couple of years' time the problem of ways and means and taxation would have to be faced afresh under worse conditions. We should but have hamstringed our best "pullers."

From another point of view the recent incident enables us to realise the haphazard fashion in which our national archaeological possessions are guarded. We say "national," for the individual owner would surely be the first to admit that he is but the temporary custodian of any unique treasure of the past which is to be traced on his corner of the map of England. In this respect we owe the same duty to posterity to guard our historic inheritance inviolate as we do to protect our shores from invasion.

Some of the most truly Wordsworthian lines are those suggested to him by Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle in a storm. In those verses the poet expresses with magic fidelity the atmosphere of imagination with which we are wont to surround a favourite relic of antiquity. About it—

The air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

There, "cased in the unfeeling armour of old time," it is associated in our minds with days of loitering pleasure, when, in the treasured companionship of congenial friends, we have wandered about it in the grey of summer dawning and the twilights of the Spring. The birds that wheel about its mossgrown turrets sound a language familiar to our ears. A friend of the present writer, who knew his Sussex by heart, was accosted by the stationmaster at Chichester on the afternoon of February 21st, 1861. "Do you miss anything, Sir?" he was asked. The familiar landscape was bereft of something. What was it? For a moment our friend hesitated. "Why, what has become of the Cathedral spire?" he demanded. It had telescoped that afternoon, and thus fulfilled the words of the old proverb:—

If Chichester Church steeple fall,
In England there's no King at all.

Surely that instinct which binds us by ties of sentiment to the land of our birth is not lightly to be tossed away. We weave into the fibre of our being an appreciation of those features in which England differs from every other land. A man may lie parched with malarial fever in an African swamp or have to face the music in a Canadian log-hut, with the mercury in his heart down to *minus* 50. He dozes and there flits back to him the light that never was on sea or land. He is once more in English meadows; larks scatter their liquid music over his head; incense-breathing morn hovers about him like a benediction.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide; a breeze;
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Thus Wordsworth muses over the picture of Peele Castle in a storm, that same castle which he had watched from day to day in unruffled calm. When he wrote his noble verses the poet had just heard of the death of his brother at sea. The landscape lashed in the fury of the trampling waves at that agonised moment more truly accorded with the deep distress that humanised his soul. The halcyon calm with which in his memory the Castle was haloed no longer appealed to the deepest stirrings within him.

From this wonderful picture we come back to the sordid story of the impending exportation of Tattershall Castle. Year by year we hear of the treasures of Literature and Art being "lifted" to the United States. It is inevitable, and it is not unreasonable that such treasures should sometimes leave England. The Anglo-Saxon race forms the backbone of the race inhabiting the United States. They are our flesh and blood. Their history up to the period of separation was our history. The day may come when the two peoples will be for practical issues one again. It is therefore but reasonable that a fair share of the common heritage of which we are equally proud should cross the sea. But to root up from their native soil historic buildings is another story. The rape of Tattershall Castle will rob us of that which not enriches him that filches it. Perked up in some Yankee domain it would merely move the beholder to contemptuous laughter. It is true we have our Cleopatra's Needle, but the poor thing has wasted away more in our acid-laden atmosphere in thirty years than it would have done in thirty centuries among its native sands. Temple Bar at Theobald's Park is like a once-active worker stranded in an almshouse. We once heard a conversation of two Scots about the temple on Calton Hill. "'Tis a na-ational monimint," said one. "I ca' it a na-ational disgra-ace," said the other. Incongruity, pretension, sham are fatal to the best-laid plans of millionaires.

We hold that the contemplated vandalism should be illegal. We ought to have a permanent Commission whose function it should be to schedule our national resources in treasures such as this, which can never be replaced. It should no longer be legal to destroy or mutilate them. Here is a chance for our Socialist friends to do real service to the State. We have laws as to treasure-trove; we take steps to prevent the extinction of rare birds and beasts. Why should the chance owner have it in his power to rob the community of that which belongs to all alike? Who is the owner of a priceless work of art or of a noble building? Surely the man who has eyes to see its glories. The rich man may have it in his custody, but his artistic perception may be less than that of the ninth part of a tailor's. We want a census of castles, monastic and other historic buildings, cromlechs, camps, and other prehistoric relics. No private owner should have it in his power to do away with them without the consent of a competent public authority.

Our American cousins are some of them intent on the cult

of the bizarre. It is rather pitiful to see what very little good the vast wealth of their millionaires is to them. A millionaire cannot eat two dinners a day; sometimes he dare not eat one. But his effort often is to start some futile demonstration of human ostentation. To spend thousands of pounds on a dinner to be eaten up in a balloon or down a coalmine is an exhibition of poverty-stricken lack of ideas which makes the judicious grieve. A few years ago an American friend asked the present writer to lay out for him an English route by which he might see the real beauty and ripeness of the old country. We knew our man, and give him an itinerary by loitering along which he could realise the mingled splendour and simplicity of large tracts of rural England—the noble sweep of our Down country, the homely attractions of villages almost unchanged in tone since the days of the Armada; the magnificence of our storied buildings. Our American went home with a wealth of reminiscence which he will not lose for the rest of his days. Had he been a traveller of a different type we should have said to him, "Go to Cook's. They will fix you up."

A. E. CAREY.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

III.—UP-COUNTRY (*continued*).

ALL this, however, is concerned with only one aspect of Bray's Hill. There are few who go to the township by the side of the sea and fail to return. As a matter of fact, it is on the homeward way that the place attains its greatest importance as a landmark. I have already referred to the attitude of mental irresponsibility that a visit to the township induces in some. It must be admitted that the sudden coming together of sociable atoms from all parts of the district is trying to the best-ordered temperament. A few may cast their eyes on the whisky when it is yellow. Even so, there is very little harm done as a matter of fact. The thing may occur only four times in the year, and therefore claims every right to the privileges of an exception. In the case of others it is different, of course, but to these I am not referring just now. If a bachelor has suffered from one of these exceptional periods, it may be left to his conscience to reproach him. If a married man, it is certain that his own conscience will be actively assisted by a similar force in skirts that will sit at his side in the buggy on the homeward way. There is no doubt that the pointing-out of error is a reasonable, commendable, and even a charitable act. It can be effected in various ways. Strangely enough, I have never yet discovered one of these that was received with genuine and hearty appreciation by the culprit. The latter has a curiously impracticable idea that if he acknowledges his fault the matter should end with the admission. Whereas the wife knows quite well that it is only at this point that it should begin.

It must be admitted that mankind occasionally employs unfair strategy in order to avoid that which, after all, is nothing more arduous than the rôle of listener. From time to time you may meet with some evidence of this on the outskirts of the township. On such occasions you may see a buggy, drawn by two galloping horses, speeding furiously along the level road that leads from the spot. The pace is certainly an amazing one for the mere home-coming of husband and wife. But there is method in the driver's madness. Subdued by the stress of this wild career, the woman is perfectly silent. Otherwise she would have much to say. Now, you know, this sort of thing is not quite fair. It

is not even wise, for this indirect muzzling is only effectual for a time. One might entertain more sympathy for the man, were it not that the utmost success of his procedure can only result in the putting off of the evil hour. It is at Bray's Hill that retribution falls. No mortal horses can mount the ascent here at any other than a walking pace. Bray's Hill stands for the deluge, all the more overwhelming for its long-pent-up force. This spot represents the endless story of the world, the ultimate triumph of woman over man. It is sacred to moments of rue and to the fire of purification, while the horses plod steadily upwards. At the best of times Bray's Hill is a long hill; but there are occasions when it seems longer than others.

Perhaps I am entering too deeply into matters that by rights partake of the nature of family secrets. In any case, we have topped Bray's Hill now, and can leave its atmosphere behind us. All about are the peaks and valleys, the white specks of grazing sheep on their sides. The road dips and falls and winds, now leading through the ford of a miniature stream, across which the horse plunges at a canter, striking up sheets of sparkling water into the sunlight, now fringing the steep sides in the shape of a boldly conceived cutting, now spreading out over a level stretch dappled with the white blossoms of the tetre. And then comes the bush itself. The horse is thudding along a cool and exquisite aisle of verdure. The great trunks of the lofty forest trees are smothered and hidden by the undergrowth that presses in rich green waves of handsome leafage to the edge of the narrowing track, while above the roof of foliage is impenetrable. Here and there, where an opening in the foliage permits the sight, are glimpses of graceful nikau palms and spreading tree-ferns, and the thick carpet of maidenhair beneath. It is fairyland, deepened and rendered more wonderful by its solemn hush. There are many miles of it, and each is as perfect in its sylvan beauty as the last. Then the greenery to the front is illuminated by a blaze of sunlight. The green waves recede as the track sinks down the side of a gorge. A minute later the horse's hoofs are splashing in the waters of a river whose rippling current hastens onwards in its summer shallowness. Save where the ground slopes down towards the ford on either hand the banks of the river rise in sheer walls of rock, heavily hung and festooned with trees, shrubs, and creepers. It is very majestic, sufficiently awe-inspiring to take away the breath for a moment or so of him who beholds it for the first time in this unexpected fashion. The bush has closed in again, and the last murmurs of the river have died away. After a while the horse shies with a frantic start that sends his hindquarters into the mass of leafage. Just ahead is a Maori on his wiry pony, who has swung suddenly into sight from round a jutting promontory of green. The big fellow grins broadly, gives out a hearty "Tenakoe!" in greeting, and has passed from sight.

Onwards through the walls of bush, and the clearings, open stretches, streams, and rivers! What if we have to ride for five or six hours or more! Distance is nothing in Maoriland provided that horse and rider are fit and happy. Not quite so happy at the end of the journey as at the beginning, for all that. With the loss of the full spring in the action of the horse comes the sympathetic lessening of the man's vitality. There is a point, when three-quarters of the journey have been accomplished, that makes the thought of the homestead a blessed one. That point has been reached even now, and passed! The mount has taken all four legs in charge of his equine soul, and is cantering as he has not cantered since he left the livery-stable in the township. A couple of minutes later he has entered a clearing. In the midst of it rises a small slab-built, Noah's-ark-shaped erection. By no stretch of imagination could you call the building an imposing one. Perhaps its most salient

feature is a single iron chimney placed at one end in the form of a flattened lime-kiln, and seemingly altogether out of proportion to the size of the dwelling it serves. No, I fear that the shanty can hold out no claims whatever to orthodox beauty. Were you to see it in the midst of a town, it is possible that you might even condemn it as an eyesore. Placed where it is, you bear no other sentiment towards it but a wholesome affection. It is a homestead; is not that enough? The clearing itself in the centre of which the building stands is in a state of transformation that detracts somewhat from the natural charm of the place. It is thickly strewn with the blackened stumps of giant trees—a grim warning to the encircling dense forests of the fate that is to be theirs.

You may anticipate a pleasant surprise on entering the building itself. If so, I fear that you will suffer disillusion. It is the home of honourable makeshifts. It is a place where kerosene-tins do duty for the more elaborate chairs in vogue nearer the centres of civilisation, and where packing-cases, cunningly contrived, blossom forth into almost every article of furniture of which the modest household may stand in need. A similar ingenuity prevails throughout. The wool from the newly-introduced sheep forms a not inappropriate stuffing for the home-manufactured cushions, and the leaves of illustrated journals serve to increase the crudity of the plank walls. For culinary purposes a camp oven, that is to say an ordinary iron pot swung from a chain over a roaring log fire, together with a couple of saucepans, form the equipment of the kitchen. You will kindly undertake no risks with the household objects here. Breakage is a serious matter, as will be brought home to you by the sight of the windows, where the paper that serves in the place of the more transparent material will of necessity have to remain for many a long day ere the damage can be repaired. Where packhorses form the sole means of transport, the carriage of necessities, to say nothing of luxuries, is no light task. For the well-cut road has died away, and has shrunk into nothingness long ago. All that is here is a thread-like track, struggling for its existence against the onslaughts of the vigorous shoots of young grass that seek to cover its bareness; a faint thing that winds its way, snake-like and timorous, through the heaped logs, fallen trees, and the various hindrances flung out by the yet rebellious virgin land.

Little more is required to complete the picture. Within a stone's-throw of the house flows a creek, rippling gently in the summer months, foaming and swollen in the rainy winter. A few rough kennels shelter the half-dozen sheep-dogs, while the horses are grazing near by in great content just now. It will be different in the winter. Then, shaggy-coated and mud-besmeared, they will wander uneasily to and fro, and at times will make their way, in the absence of a barrier, to the few boards that constitute the verandah flooring in an impertinent attempt to seek shelter from the periodical outburst of pouring rain. For all that, you need waste neither your contempt nor your pity upon this solitary homestead. It has already afforded some very pleasant hours to its inmates. Moreover, it marks the second stage of the squatter's upward career. Quite near by may be seen an erection—scarcely a building—half-European, half-Maori *whare*, that was his shelter when first he commenced his battle with the soil. It is a reed hut that sprang into existence on a small open space before a tree had been felled or the earth trodden by the foot of a single sheep. This second stage will go the way of the first ere long, you may be certain of that. It will stand for nothing more than a remembrance of the past then. With the widening of his cleared lands and the increase of his flocks will arise one of those spacious, soft-tinted bungalows, with its attendant

comforts and gardens. It is only for the present that he is tied to the humble little shanty. But neither the reader nor I are under any restriction of the kind. We can ramble at our ease the length of every species of homestead, from this youthful enterprise to the finest and largest building that ever had its foundations in mutton and wool.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

I WAS much interested in Mr. Richard Middleton's article the other week on "Treasure Island," and gladly respond to his request for other experiences of boys' tastes in reading. I am forty-eight years of age, having been born in September, 1863. I could read fairly well before I was seven; consequently my boyhood includes the whole of the 'seventies. The first book I can remember was in our nursery—an immense folio seventeenth-century "History of the Bible," with a picture on every other page. We never read the print, but "Jacob vigorously wrestling with the Angel" and people "Digging the grave for Sarai" represent in my mind's eye those events even now. The first book which was read to my brothers and myself was "Willie's Birthday," a highly proper story, in which Willie asks and is allowed to do anything he likes on his birthday and comes to dreadful grief. The second was "Sandford and Merton," and we naturally had what we called "a sneaking likeness" for Tommy Merton "the wicked one." There were some excellent fairy stories published in those days, "King Gab's Story-bag and What it Contained," by Heraclitus Grey, with delightful pictures by Walter Crane. Then there was a fat little book, translated from the German, called "A Picture Story-book" (which in 1855 was in its fifth edition); it had 400 quaint illustrations, and contained three capital stories—"Dame Mitchell and her Cat," "The Adventures of Prince Hempseed," and the enthralling "History of a Nutcracker," a book which I should have thought it would pay to republish. We read and re-read Louise M. Alcott's books, "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "The Eight Cousins." They were girlish, American, and gentle and simple mixed together in a way we could not understand, but they held us in their sway.

We liked "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" fairly well, but thought "The Water Babies" rot, and could see no fun in A Becket's "Comic History of England." We liked the pictures in Surtees' books, but found it difficult to understand the political cartoons in "Punch," even when explained.

I remember buying the first number of "Little Folks" outside the old tin station at Westbourne Park early in the 'seventies. The earlier stories in it were "The Magic Beads; or, Gilbert's Shadow," "The New Mistletoe Bough," "Raggles Baggles and the Emperor," "Stories Told by some Little Folks around the Nursery Fire," containing one whose title pleased us—"How Polly Patterson took a Dislike to a Little Girl in a Whitey-brown Frock." "The Star in a Dustheap" and others of equal merit followed. A short reading-book called "Nelson's Series, No. 9," had a great influence on us, and by the end of 1875 we could practically recite the whole of it by heart. It consisted of singularly well-chosen extracts from the best authors and some poetry. I could not recite "Beth Gelert" for tears, but I loved Macaulay's "Horatius" and "Armada," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" and "Hohenlinden." We

next took in "The Boys of England," a dashing publication that had so great a vogue that the proprietor, Edwin J. Brett, was not only able to make a priceless collection of armour, but still leave a handsome fortune. This was largely due to one story, "Jack Harkaway," which I believe was written by a wayward genius named Stephens Hayward, who is just now attracting the attention of "Notes and Queries." Jack went through incredible adventures. The story started with "Jack Harkaway's School-days," which must have run for a year; then "Jack Harkaway at Oxford," then among the Brigands, the Pirates, and Savages in America, Asia, Africa, &c., finally winding up with the comprehensive title of "Jack Harkaway and His Son's Adventures Round the World." Whether they went into the third generation I cannot tell, but every number ended up with a desperate situation, and they never succeeded in quite killing the villain, whose name, I think, was Hunsdon. I have not read it since those days, but I fancy a great many of the feats were annexed from better books, and the interest was kept up from week to week and year to year with an energy that never flagged. Wells, I read with interest the other day, approved of "Jack Harkaway" as a stimulant to the imagination, but my parents mildly objected to him. We were given "Tom Brown's School-days," "St. Winifred's," "Eric; or, Little by Little," and "Agathos" on our birthdays, and dutifully read them; but "Harkaway," "Jack Rushton, or Alone in the Pirates' Lair," and somebody who was the "Boy Chief of the Delawars," were the sweets at our literary feast.

All the sentences were short—there were no descriptions, explanations, or moralising that needed skipping. Although full of braggadocio and heroics, the morals were always sound and patriotic. The "Young Folks' Weekly Budget" was a publication of a slightly different kind—it aspired to be more moral and less "penny-dreadfully." It dealt, so far as its serials were concerned, in well-illustrated tales of Giants and Dwarfs—stealing most of the ideas, I fancy, from the "Idylls of the King" and that period. We liked stories of adventure, and read some of them over and over again—"Masterman Ready" and "The Little Savage," by Marryat; "Coral Island," by Ballantyne; "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "Tom among the Crocodiles." "Tales of the Colonies," by the late C. Rowcroft, a story of emigration to Tasmania early in the nineteenth century, specially held us captive. (We skipped, of course, all the law about the convicts.) I remember reading the long, close columns of the "Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade, when it appeared in the second or third Christmas Number of the "Graphic" about 1872. I did so because I wanted to know what the splendid pictures were about. About this time we came across a strange strain of books—"Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist" (which caused us to buy a sixpenny book of instruction as to how to "ventriloque!"), "Silvester Sound the Somnambulist," and "Verdant Green." Of grown-up books about the mid-seventies, I read "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers" and that terrible story called "Caleb Williams," by Godwin, side by side with two pious ones—"Susan Hopley; or, the Adventures of a Maid Servant" and "The Basket of Flowers." Some books we never read right through—for instance, we always shut up "Monte Christo" directly he found his fortune. We never read "Gulliver's Travels" after Brobdingnag, and had no curiosity as to what became of Robinson Crusoe after he got off the island. We thought the rest of all these books tedious. "The Pride of the Mess" and "The Star of the South," a tale of the American Civil War, by the same Stephens Hayward, also formed part of our library at this time. We also read with avidity "creepy" stories—"Bring Me a Light" and a "Noctuary of Terror" in "Once a Week" were our favourites, together with a short story by Lytton at the back of the "Haunters and the Haunted."

The "Dumberdene," which came out in "Belgravia" or "London Society," was a prime favourite.

Many years later I found myself sitting one night at dinner next to the late Lord Brabourne, and he told me that the "Dumberdene" was written by his sister, under circumstances deliberately made similar to the conditions under which "Frankenstein" was written—viz., a number of young literary people determined to see who could write the most gruesome story.

We liked "The Gold Beetle" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" of Poe, but none of the others. Side by side with all these grown-up stories we contentedly read our younger brothers' and sisters' copies of "Chatterbox"—a wonderful half-pennyworth full of stories translated from the German, and enjoyed Harrison Weir's clever pictures of animals. I wonder if it goes on now—I never see it; but it flourished in my day without an advertisement of any kind. Both my parents were omnivorous novel-readers, and as they came out I read all the serials in the "Cornhill" and "Temple Bar"—Trollope's, Hardy's, Miss Braddon's, and others; I did not understand them very well, but would read them. We were fond of a gloomy story called the "House of Elmore," by Robinson, because the father in it was like our grandfather, and we sympathised with the heroics of Guy Livingstone and "Barren Honour." "Ouida" was considered to be desperately wicked, but I am sure we came to no harm by reading "Under Two Flags." We liked "The Path-finder," by Cooper, and most of Marryat's. We preferred "The Lancashire Witches," "Old Saint Paul's," and "Jack Shepherd" of Ainsworth's, and got through some of G. P. R. James. We were urged to read Scott, but found him so difficult to get into—it took such a long time to get to the point. We only cared about "Pickwick," or rather parts of it, as far as Dickens was concerned. Thackeray we never attempted. No one supervised our reading; one week we were reading a grown-up book, the next a girl's story by Mrs. Molesworth—as one of my sisters said, "We would rather read a Directory than nothing at all."

"Ernie Elton; or, The Lazy Boy at Home and at School," I have forgotten to mention as an old favourite by Mrs. Eiloart. Of course we were familiar with Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm, and the "Arabian Nights;" but my mother objected, for reasons which we did not then understand, to Madame D'Aulnoy's effusions. We never liked Kingston—we thought him too long and too full of incident. We read George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" because of a certain cosy picture in it. Manville Fenn and Henty were popular, and we read every line of Ballantyne's, and once I had a much-prized letter from him. The "Boy's Own Paper" came out just as I was giving up boys' books. It was brought out by the Religious Tract Society with the avowed intention of combating the influence of penny dreadfuls, which I think had got worse. It was far better done than "Peter Parley" or "Every Boy's Annual," which was full of impossible articles telling boys how to make things, "How to Make Artificial Fireworks"—as if any boy cared a rap about "safety" fireworks—"Practical instructions in Plane-turning," &c. The only redeeming feature was that it introduced me to Jules Verne and some capital school stories of H. C. Adams. Jules Verne was a revelation. I remember at the commencement of one year vowing to be as exact and as punctual as that impossible but fascinating hero Phileas Fogg, and at another time to be as silent and reserved as Captain Nemo, greatly to my own discomfort. I took in the "Boy's Own Paper" until I was ashamed to do so; and this must close the literary recollections of my boyhood, as in 1880 I was a youth—I mean I was seventeen.

MUSIC

DEAN RAMSAY tells us somewhere that when Mrs. Siddons first appeared on the stage in Edinburgh, the General Assembly—that company of Signiors than which we can suppose none to exist more potent, grave, and reverend—fixed its most important business for the days when she did not act. This has always seemed to us the most remarkable tribute to the player's art that has been recorded; and, musing on the glory of the actress, we have perhaps wondered if the day would come when a musician should win honour of so amazing a kind. Surely we may now say that it has come. The Americans are a grave and serious people—an unlikely people to neglect, even for an hour, any important business to which they had set their hand. Their legislators would not adjourn, as ours were wont to do, for a race-meeting, would they? Yet have we lately read that during the recent tour of two hundred choristers from the good town of Sheffield, "in one State of America the House of Representatives vacated their seats" for them! Music is clearly avenged, and Mrs. Siddons has a rival!

The long and laborious journey of these intrepid singers seems to have been a triumphant progress. Canada, the United States, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands have vied with each other in paying them unprecedented marks of delight and respect. In Capetown an Archbishop conducted an open-air service for them. But the action of the American statesmen strikes us with the greatest admiration. The whole story of this musical tour reads like a highly-coloured romance. Our sober minds are a little bewildered by it all. Yet there is no manner of doubt that everything happened as has been described. Dr. Harriss, an Englishman domiciled in Canada, where he has acquired wealth, conceived the idea of this gigantic tour. He is an Imperialist, and although he was anxious to show to our Dominions how well an English choir could sing, he admits that his compelling motive was "to take two hundred English folk round the Empire, letting them see what the Empire really meant, and then bringing them back to England and turning them loose to act as Empire agents." It would appear that his scheme has thoroughly succeeded. The choristers are now determined to use their voices in singing the praise of Empire; their madrigals and their fugues will no longer be the chief joy of their lives.

It is a remarkable instance of the saying that enthusiasm will achieve anything. The determined spirit of Dr. Harriss has enabled him to do what Mr. Barnum might have shrunk from undertaking. The unflagging zeal and devotion of the two hundred singers with that of their conductor, Dr. Coward, has carried them through a task that required almost super-human powers, and we look in vain for words which shall adequately convey our congratulations to all those concerned in this wonderful enterprise. Musicians who know what Sheffield singers can do will feel no surprise when they hear of the artistic success of the tour, of the magnificent impression made upon the music-loving in our great Dominions. Sheffield could doubtless supply several such choirs as that formed of those of the singers whose circumstances permitted them to wander over the earth for six months, and display their beautiful voices and their finished art to their brothers and sisters over the seas. And Sheffield would be the first to admit that she is not alone among the towns of England in producing choirs which could so impress the world. Our choirs are among our most precious possessions, and the glory that has been achieved by one of them will be rejoiced in by thousands of admirable choristers whose voices will never, perhaps, be heard outside their native town.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

MR. JOHN LANE is a sort of literary Columbus. He is always bringing to light the work of a new writer whose genius has been glowing beneath a bushel. With keen enthusiasm, and very natural flamboyance, he sends out delightful preliminary notices which must bring blushes to the sometimes beardless faces of the authors to whose work he refers. Take, for instance, a very pleasant example. Mr. Lane has found Mr. Hector H. Munro, and he calls him "A New Humorist," although as "Sake" Mr. Munro's witty writings have made a host of friends. Of his forthcoming novel, "The Chronicles of Clovis," Mr. Lane has composed the following gem: "Clovis is an embodiment of the Modern Man in his most frivolous, cynical, mischief-loving vein. He moves through, or inspires, a series of congenial adventures in the world of country-house and restaurant life. The chronicles of his sayings and misdoings form a feast of wit and humour that will convince many that it is no longer necessary to go abroad for our humorists." And this: "'The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore' deals with the vagaries of a middle-class family suddenly enriched. Mr. Bendall has a wicked wit, which, with his ability to assume the attitude of the interested looker-on almost amounting to inspiration, stamps him as a humorist." Luckily Mr. Hector Munro and Mr. Gerard Bendall, author of that most amusing book "Mrs. Jones's Bonnet," can afford to smile comfortably at these delicious outbursts. We know them for what they are, and so completely sympathise with Mr. Lane's pride and enthusiasm. We are much interested to hear that Mr. B. W. Willett, late of Kegan Paul and Co., and earlier of Magdalen College, Oxford, has recently joined Mr. John Lane. Both are to be congratulated. Mr. Willett is not only a publisher of wide experience, but a golfer of no mean prowess.

Stephen Swift and Co. add rapidly to their already interesting and even valuable list of books, every one of which hitherto has contained something original and arresting. Among their new volumes we find "An Englishman in New York," by a brilliant writer who hides behind the pseudonym of "Juvenal," and who has set down with great force and skill his impressions of a vast and hysterical city; "Poems," by Mr. Charles Granville, a writer not of mere love verses and Nature sonnets, but of poems filled with ecstasy and spiritual insight which deal with the soul of man—the eternal rather than the transitory; and "Motley and Tinsel," a novel by Mr. J. K. Prothero, which in serial form was the subject of a well-remembered libel action founded on the coincidence of the plaintiff's name with that of one of the book's characters. As a protest against the absurd state of the law in this connection Mr. Prothero has altered most of the names of his characters to those of actual men who are well known in literature and journalism. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that he has done this with the consent of the gentlemen in question. It is to be feared, however, that the person who sees the means of adding to his unearned income by hunting through the pages of new novels for a character who inadvertently bears his name will continue to do so. The law permits and rewards such industry. It has almost become a new profession.

Mr. John Murray informs us that the final revision of the proofs of the second volume of the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" will not be completed in time for publication this side of Christmas. This is a matter for general regret. The first volume made all its readers eager, like Oliver, for more. On or about the 17th inst. Macmillan and Co. will publish three books which deserve to be widely read. The first is "Autobiographical Memoirs," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, which is packed full of contemporary history, anecdote; and

criticism; the second, Mr. F. W. F. Fletcher's "Sport on the Nilgiris and in Wynad," and the third "The First American Civil War—1775-1778," by the Rev. H. Belcher, with chapters on the Continental or Revolutionary Army and on the Forces of the Crown, with numerous illustrations, coloured maps, and plans.

Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne's history of "The Coburgs" will be ready in a few days' time. Published by Stanley Paul and Co., it deals fully and sympathetically with the rapid rise of a family intimately connected with the Thrones of England, Belgium, and Bulgaria, and almost every reigning family in Christendom. This firm is publishing at once an equally interesting volume in the shape of a biography of La Fontaine. It is written by "Frank Hamel," and should be in the hands of all earnest students of the literature of France in a period which can boast of such masters as Boileau, Racine, and Molière. La Fontaine himself, though not perhaps so great a writer as these, has flung his name into French history. His Fables and Contes are among immortal works.

Mr. William Heinemann has had a translation made of M. Octave Uzanne's new book "The Modern Parisienne," to which Baroness von Hutten has added a Preface. M. Uzanne has made a close study of his fellow-countrywomen who live on the "right side" of the Seine, and has already written very charmingly of their dress and manners. Mr. Max Beerbohm's long-promised novel "Zuleika Dobson" is due this month. It is a long time since anything has been seen from the pen of this delightful writer, although happily his pencil has been busy. It is some years now since "More" created a cult, and some months since the dramatic criticisms in the *Saturday Review* have borne the magic word "Max." They were something more than mere criticisms of generally inferior plays. They were mosaics of bizarre words, ingenious patchwork quilts of neat and precise word-pictures.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE WAR

AT the moment when the Franco-German negotiations over Morocco have taken a hopeful turn Europe has once more been plunged into the depths of anxiety by the abrupt action of Italy in declaring war upon Turkey. From the comments of the daily Press it would seem as though the situation which led to the opening of hostilities was of recent origin. Consequently Italy has been severely condemned because, by means of an ultimatum with a twenty-four hours' time-limit attached, she forced the issue to the arbitrament of the sword. For some months past, however, it has been no secret in diplomatic circles that the relations between the two countries were becoming strained to the point of breaking. Again and again Italy has obtained from the Porte assurances that her interests in Tripoli would receive more sympathetic treatment than had hitherto been the case; but these pledges have proved utterly worthless. In England we have heard little concerning such *pourparlers*, for it is a far cry to Tripoli, and the daily Press, being in reality only a commercial institution, records merely that which, in journalistic language, is of "live," and therefore simply of paying, interest. Italy's patience was clearly exhausted. For the rest, her diplomacy anticipating war was bound to take into full account the strategical considerations of the moment. The Turks are masters of tortuous diplomacy, and it would have been their aim to prolong negotiations while they reinforced their army in Tripoli. Delay would

further have placed an Italian military expedition at a disadvantage, inasmuch as with the approach of winter a landing on the Tripolitan coast would have been attended by considerable difficulties.

In an attempt to judge impartially of the rival cases as presented by the two belligerents let us not forget the odious record of the Young Turks since they seized the supreme power. Only a few months ago the columns of the English newspapers were full of recitals of atrocities committed in Albania—the burning and pillaging of churches, the massacre of women and children, and the committal of nameless horrors. The Turks then vigorously denied the veracity of these accounts, but the evidence of independent witnesses was overwhelming and conclusive. It was only at the last moment, when the patience of Europe had been exhausted and the intervention of the Powers seemed imminent, that the Porte decided upon a welcome change of policy. It is the same *régime* and, to a large extent, the same barbarous methods which in the past the Italians have been compelled to tolerate in Tripoli. We are told that in bestowing our sympathies we must bear in mind that Great Britain has within her Empire many millions of Moslem subjects whose feelings must be considered in a crisis like the present. But also Great Britain has many millions of Christian subjects whose creed teaches that a cruel and corrupt administration such as that of Turkey cannot endure.

A superficial sense of fair play at first leads us to feel genuinely sorry for the hapless plight of Turkey—an Empire in the turmoil of domestic strife, lacking even a Government to guide and control its people, let alone direct them in a campaign against Italy, without a sea force to convoy its troops to the scene of war, beset on all sides by hostile States ready on the first signs of disintegration to invade its outlying territories. On the other hand, it would have been unreasonable to expect Italy to tolerate injustice and oppression until such time as Turkey had built a modern Navy, reconstructed the defences of Tripoli, and strengthened its garrison, or, in other words, until military and strategical conditions as between the two potential belligerents had approached equality. War to-day is not arranged according to sporting ethics. With our entire approval, it will be recalled, Japan, ally of Great Britain, seized the moment when Russia was wholly unprepared and forced hostilities upon her. Moreover, she attacked the Russian Fleet before war was actually declared; and so soon as the war was over, also with our entire approval, she laid hands on Korea. Germany and Austria profess righteous indignation at the action of Italy, which they describe as "an infringement of international principle," "tantamount to piracy," &c. But not many months have elapsed since Austria robbed Turkey of Bosnia and Herzegovina, while in sending a gunboat to Agadir the pious censors of the Wilhelmstrasse provide us with a still more recent precedent in international aggression. France is also annoyed with Italy. In her case, as in that of other Powers, the reason is manifest. As a neighbour of Tunis a weak Turkey is preferable to a strong Italy in the Tripolitan territory. It is abundantly clear, from international incidents of the past few months, that the Powers of Europe are either not ready for war, or else are sincere in their determination that the coming of the general conflagration, so often predicted, shall be stayed. For instance, if Germany had wished to provoke a conflict over Morocco she would not have been content with timorously sending a gunboat into the harbour at Agadir. She would have landed a considerable force, taken possession of the Hinterland, and, together with her allies, defied Europe. Italy, with timely foresight, gauged the trend and limitations of world politics to-day. She realised that the Powers, anxious to avoid the general conflagration, would not intervene to

save Tripoli. Naturally, her already successful initiative has annoyed her zealous partners in the Triple Alliance. Germany particularly is placed in a predicament. She is the friend and adviser of Turkey and the ally of Italy—and Turkey and Italy are at war!

The dread shared by all the Powers of the outbreak of a conflict that would involve the whole of Europe has led them to insist that Italy shall localise the area of hostilities. Italy has, of course, consented, for by so doing she will not be prevented from attaining the object for which she went to war—the annexation of Tripoli. She has no desire to invade Turkey proper. The Ottoman Army, in spite of many years of bad pay and maladministration, is not without military prestige and capacity. But the Turkish Army is in Turkey, not in Tripoli, and the Italian Fleet effectually patrols the intervening waters. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the so-called war has up to the present proved a very harmless affair. The Duke of Abruzzi, one of those fortunate heroes destined by fate and fortune always to be in the public eye in connection with some exploit of gallantry, has disposed of several antiquated little Turkish torpedo-boats. Thereupon the newspapers announced in bold black type, "Two Naval Battles." The out-of-date battleships which Germany sold to Turkey for a consideration far in excess of their real value have been generously allowed by the Italian Admiral to reach the Dardanelles. The Italian Navy, so we are given to understand, would disdain an uneven conflict. The tale of blood and slaughter is not yet complete. Two barges, misnamed transports by the Press, containing Italian troops were reported to have been sunk. Then, at the time of writing, there is a rumour that Tripoli has been bombarded. On a previous occasion when a similar rumour was prevalent it turned out that the Italian Fleet was only indulging in a little target practice out at sea. The latest reliable news from the "fortress" declares that "The Turks display a profound indifference. It seems as if for them, at any rate, this day is precisely the same as another. Their batteries are deserted and their sleeping guns are still wrapped in their coverings." The only measure so far taken by the Turks which could be described as retaliatory consists in putting out all the lights along the coast. The refusal of the Turks to fight must be extremely irritating to the martial ardour of the warm-blooded Italian warriors. In vulgar language, the Turks are "taking it lying down." Surely never in history was there a war so bereft of bloodshed. Doubtless if the Italians could find a Turkish soldier or sailor they would kill him, or at least inflict upon him serious wounds; but it must be understood that according to the rules of the game such soldier or sailor must be found "within the localised area of war." It would really seem as if both belligerents are genuinely desirous of avoiding bloodshed. Their motive is not, of course, humane. It arises from fear of a possible sequel—a European conflagration. Altogether we are bound to regard this fear as wholesome. At least its existence is reassuring to all who realise the evils and count the cost that would be entailed were the little campaign to become war on a serious scale among the nations of the earth.

MOTING AND AVIATION

DURING the past summer motorists who have used cars with enclosed bodies of the torpedo type have endured much discomfort owing to the excessive heat, and many attempts have been made to overcome this drawback whilst retaining the advantages of the torpedo type of body. This appears to

have been accomplished by Mr. S. F. Edge, who, as a result of his personal experience, has had designed a Torpedo Pullman body which is claimed to combine comfort with freedom from excessive heat, noise, and smell. Fitted to a 30h.p. six-cylinder Napier chassis, the complete car is exceptionally low, although there is ample clearance underneath to minimise the dust-raising. The suspension is also said to be remarkably comfortable, whilst another feature is that the driver's seat is made adjustable to suit drivers of varying height and length of limb. Mr. Edge himself uses a car of this type.

Few cars of what may be termed the moderate-powered class have come more decisively to the front during the last year or two than the all-British Vauxhall. Following on the brilliant speed records accomplished on the track at Brooklands, it is now announced that in the Russian reliability race from Petersburg to Sevastopol, a distance of 1,400 miles, a 20h.p. Vauxhall, driven by Mr. Percy Kidner, has completed the whole journey without the loss of a mark, and has thus won the first prize in its class. Out of the sixty-three starters, which included cars of British, Continental, and American make, only forty-three reached the destination, a result which need excite no surprise when one realises that Russian roads are frequently merely rough cart-tracks. The performance of the Vauxhall in such circumstances is a triumph for British workmanship.

It is announced that there will be no motor-car exhibition in the Grand Palais this year, the principal French manu-

SIX-CYLINDER PERFECTION.

POINTS to look for in your new

SIX-CYLINDER CAR:

ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY under all conditions,
ECONOMY OF UPKEEP, and
SMOOTHNESS OF RUNNING
at high and low speeds.

ALL THESE are combined in the new six-cylinder
18-22 h.p.

BELSIZE CARS

—the result of years of experience.

Price £395.

CATALOGUE AND ALL INFORMATION FREE.

BELSIZE MOTORS, LTD.,
CLAYTON,
MANCHESTER.

LONDON { J. KEELE, LTD., 72, NEW BOND STREET, W.
BELSIZE LONDON AGENCY, LIMITED, DEAN'S YARD
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
EXPORT:
A. W. ROSLINGTON, LLOYD'S AVENUE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

facturers apparently being of opinion that the benefits arising from the show are not worth the expense entailed. The splendid building will, however, be utilised at the end of the year for an exhibition of aeroplanes, which, it is almost needless to say, will be the biggest, most comprehensive, and most interesting in the brief history of aviation. The opening day has been fixed for Saturday, December 16th, and the show will remain open until the evening of Tuesday, January 2nd, 1912. Even at this early stage the whole of the space on the ground-floor has been engaged by exhibitors of aeroplanes, and arrangements have had to be made to house machines on the upper floor. This will be the third annual aeroplane exhibition held in the Grand Palais.

If official encouragement and lavish prizes can effect their purpose, France is not likely to lose her commanding position in the world of aviation for a long time to come. No less a sum than £48,000 is being offered in prize and purchase money in connection with the aeroplane trials now in progress on the military ground at Rheims, of which £24,000 may be won by the most successful flying-machine constructor. The trials, which are intended to discover the most suitable type of aeroplane for military purposes, consist of weight-carrying, speed, and altitude tests, with a final flight of 186 miles (non-stop) at a minimum average speed of 37 miles an hour, and with a load of 661lb. Following the example set in the *Daily Mail* race round Great Britain, all the essential parts of the machines were stamped at the commencement of the trials, and none of the stamped parts may be rechanged. The winning machine will be bought by the Government for £4,000, and an order placed for ten similar machines.

Apparently the Wright brothers have not been so inactive during the last year as the absence of news with regard to them might have led many people to suppose. It is reported that they have been busy in perfecting a new device which, if successful, will revolutionise aeroplane construction. In their new machine, which is practically ready for testing, propellers are entirely dispensed with, movable wings in imitation of the flight of birds taking their place. The brothers Wright displayed such un-American reserve and quiet confidence while conducting the experiments which resulted in astonishing and convincing the world, that one feels inclined to attach more credence to the latest rumours as to their doings than would be accorded in the case of most other inventors.

The science of aviation may now be fairly said to constitute the subject of a firmly established and flourishing industry in this country. At present the number of certificates granted to aviators by the Royal Aero Club is between 140 and 150, and this is being constantly increased by finished pupils from the various flying schools in England. In efficiency of tuition these schools now compare very favourably with those of the Continent, which not long ago held what was practically a monopoly in this field of enterprise. During the last two months one well-known English flying school has taught and granted certificates to nineteen pupils, of whom fourteen were officers of the Army or Navy. Of these, one was the only British Brigadier-General who has qualified as an aviator, and another a naval cadet who enjoys the distinction of being the youngest person to pass the tests of the Royal Aero Club.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE City is sublimely optimist. It has lost money steadily for the past eight or nine months, and it thinks that this is quite long enough. Therefore it has made up its mind that prices will go up. And they have gone up. But careful observers notice that most of the dealings are professional. The public has not yet come in. True, it may change its mind, and once again begin to gamble. That is a thing no man can tell us. I can only say that if the public begins gambling before either the Morocco or the Tripoli questions are settled it will show itself to be greatly lacking in common sense.

The position to-day is this. The bull account that existed in the various markets has disappeared. That is to say, the people who had bought shares upon money borrowed from moneylenders and banks have lost both their money and their shares. The banks and the moneylenders have acquired both. There are still just the same number of shares to gamble in, but they are now held by rich and acute people instead of by impecunious ones. If the rich financiers think that war is improbable they will engineer a fresh rise, and unload as near the top as they can. If they find a European conflict unavoidable they will sacrifice every share that is in the least risky, for gold, and gold alone, tells in warfare. But the unloading will produce a panic—it will afford the world a spectacle it seldom sees outside the United States—a struggle between the great finance houses—ruthless and cruel—a fight that must bring down some of the largest firms, and will be long remembered.

The German banks have financed Turkey already to the extent of ten or twelve millions. They will fight to the bitter end to save their creditor and their customer. If he is destroyed they will themselves be involved in his ruin. The wealth and power of the great German banks is enormous. But it is of mushroom growth. The Deutsche was not established until 1870. To-day it rivals the great English joint stock banks that are the result of sixty years or more of patient building-up. It may not possess the prestige of a house like Rothschild, more than a hundred years old, but it controls immense enterprises all over the world. It has not the minute ramifications of that extraordinary *Crédit Lyonnais*. But it has the courage of a Morgan and an influence second to no bank in the world. To the student of history rapid rises connote rapid falls. The German banks have one and all plunged in Turkey. If Turkey falls they will be crippled for years. Hence the superhuman, almost undignified, efforts made by Kaiser Wilhelm to patch up a peace between Italy and the Sultan.

CONSOLS AND MONEY.—As money grows dearer, Consols should fall. But we have seen a really good rise in Consols, and money rising also. The banks want all the money they can get for the autumn crops in the United States, in Canada, in Egypt, and in the Argentine. Even were peace assured, the autumn demand would be large. But, with politics in a dangerous condition, the call for gold is the more urgent. Yet Consols go up. It is plain that they are very heavily oversold.

FOREIGNERS.—Italian Rentes have been supported by the Italian Government, and have only fallen a few points from the highest. Turks, however, tumbled badly, and did not get any support until Tuesday, when they recovered a shade. Other foreigners have really not felt the trouble. This would show, if nothing else did, that the great bankers are very optimistic,—strangely, and, let us hope, rightly, full of hope. The Morocco question we none of us believed could result in war. But Tripoli was "a horse of another colour." Yes, the banker smiled. It is that he is so deeply involved that he can do naught else.

HOME RAILS.—Every dealer and every broker tells us that a universal coal strike is one of the certainties of the

autumn. All the country thinks that we are not yet at the end of our Railway Strike. Yet Home Rails are firm and all prices have risen. The fact is our English Railways are much too cheap, and big investors are buying quietly. One big broker has locked up half a million Dover A, presumably because he believes that Kent will one day prove an enormous coalfield. Other wealthy people buy Sheffield A and B as a long lock-up—also relying upon the coal to be found in the Doncaster field. As investments all the English railways yield high interest and have great possibilities.

YANKES SOON recovered. But is the battle over? No one seems to know. Morgan has definitely taken the bull side, but the Standard Oil people seem yet bearish, and their holdings are enormous. Kuhn Loeb do not buy Unions; perhaps they wait the result of the strike. The market has had a big rise from the bottom, and a reaction might come any day. It is clear that trade does not improve. Eries seem the cheapest thing in the market, but any gamble must be dangerous in stocks that are manipulated until some definite lead is given by those who are in command.

RUBBER.—Although all the other markets have responded to the bullish sentiment in the Stock Exchange, Rubber remains dull. Prices droop and there is no business. The Rubber Share Trust asked its shareholders to reduce the capital by 12s. 6d. per share. They refused, like silly people. The meeting was funny. Bauman said that he had had no quarrel with Arbuthnot, and added that the baby was Arbuthnot's own, and he wished to God he would nurse it! This remark, so naïve and so true, made us all laugh, but did not carry the meeting. The general view of the City is that rubber shares are quite high enough to-day.

OIL.—The Continent has decided that the oil war is ended, and some big option buying of Shells sent the price spinning upwards. Spies were also strong, and the oil markets generally showed strength, even poor Nigeria Bits rising to 8s. Indeed, all oil shares, except the hopeless Maikop concerns, have been strong—the more one hears of Maikop the more one is sorry for the foolish people who have put their money into the field; on all sides it seems a failure.

KAFFIRS.—In spite of the East Rand fiasco, Rand shares have been good all the week. The shops have supported their special shares, and though there are no signs of the public having come in, a very fair rise has taken place. It may continue. The new drill is said to save a great deal of money on reefs of about 36in. width, and on the Central Rand mines, which are the richest, Messrs. Wernher Beit report large savings. Frankly, although the Rand mines are in the main well managed, they are also extravagantly managed. Big savings can be effected, and must be effected, if the dividends are to be maintained.

RHODESIANS have jumped, and Chartered have been bought by the option-dealers. But the public seems sick of the market in which all the shops only mark up prices in order to unload. The Jumbo report is bad, very bad; yet the shares rise! The mill is to be used to crush Commonwealth ore and a profit will be made; but the mine is heavily mortgaged, and I should advise holders to get out. An agitation is being got up in Globes, but whether it will succeed I cannot say. It is also said that the Goldfields Company gets unfair advantages out of the Chartered Company. In short, the air is full of trouble. Yet so hard is the market made by bear repurchases that I cannot see any fall.

DIAMOND shares have also moved up, and they say that a determined effort is being made to catch the bears in De Beers, which are talked to 19. The account here is heavily over-sold, and the bear-hunt may prove successful.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are also more active, and Cements have improved upon the promise of a good report. Hudson Bays also rose on the land statement. The Forestal shareholders are offered both ordinary and prefs. at a price which gives them a handsome bonus. This company does well, and will do better. Marconis are also bought.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"TREASURE ISLAND" AS A BOOK FOR BOYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Richard Middleton, in THE ACADEMY of September 23rd, raises a question which has always exercised the minds of editors of boys' papers and of writers of boys' books. Mr. Middleton says, truly enough, of the boys' taste in reading, that "he knows what he likes," and asks, "What was it in 'Treasure Island' that the readers of *Young Folks* did not like?" At a loss to find an adequate solution of the puzzle why a story containing "pirates, treasure, a desert island, some good fighting, and a boy hero . . . the elements that we should seek in a model work of that description," fell so flat when presented in serial form, Mr. Middleton advances the theory that "Stevenson's characterisation is more than skin-deep," that the "grown-ups in the book do not turn to the boy-hero for orders," and that "his splendid achievements (i.e., the boy-hero) are due to luck rather than judgment, and he emerges from his adventures without a halo." While concurring in this criticism, I venture to think it does not touch the weak spot in "Treasure Island," regarded as a serial story. Its failure in *Young Folks* was due to causes which every editor of a boys' paper will recognise.

It is a fundamental rule with a boys' serial that unless it "catches on" in the first three instalments, it will not catch on at all. Judged from this standpoint, the fault of "Treasure Island" is evident. It not only opened with a "Prologue" (called Part I. when the story appeared in book form) which boys as a rule do not understand, and are too impatient to read, but the three first instalments are uninteresting—from the boys' point of view—and have little to do with what follows. The real story began in the fourth instalment, and by this time the interest of the readers had waned.

The title in *Young Folks* was "Treasure Island; or, the Mutiny of the *Hispaniola*." The sub-title was not a good one, and maybe Stevenson thought so, as, like the Prologue, it was subsequently dropped. There were other circumstances which acted prejudicially. Nowadays a new serial in a boy's paper is boomed for weeks beforehand, and the reader is led to believe that the story will surpass everything that was ever written. "Treasure Island" was modestly announced, without the slightest flourish of trumpets, the week only before it started; it was hidden in an inside portion of the paper, and beyond a small and very poor picture in the opening instalment it was never illustrated. Stevenson congratulated himself that he did not "get illustrated"—it was the price he had to pay for his copyright, and the bargain was a good one for him, but not for the proprietor of *Young Folks*, for the prospects of the serial were blighted at the outset. The boy-reader is shrewd, and he would naturally assume that a story with no pictures, and occupying a subordinate position, was not worth taking the trouble to read.

Apart from the initial defect, "Treasure Island," I conceive, failed as a serial because it did not comply with what a boy looks for—it did not picture a hero appealing to his imagination. The boy likes a hero whose mantle he can don; into whose triumphs he can enter; whose deeds he can fancy he is performing. Mr. Middleton is quite right in what he says about the "grown-ups." All the way through Jim Hawkins is a little outside the picture, instead of being constantly in the foreground. Moreover, the story is told in the first person, and for some reason which might be worth discussing the personal form of narrative is not popular with boys. "The Black Arrow" can be only considered a pot-boiler by the side of "Treasure Island," but it fulfilled the requirements of the serial, and probably by this time Stevenson had learned something of his new craft, for in the opening he plunges into the marrow of the story in the approved style. Again, "The Black Arrow" was finely illustrated by the late W. Bowcher, and it was always in the place of honour. Hence its success.

May I be pardoned a reference to myself in connection with "Treasure Island"? In THE ACADEMY, of March 3rd, 1900,

Mr. Robert Leighton, the editor of *Young Folks* at the time "Treasure Island" appeared as a serial, wrote as follows:—"As indicating the kind of story he (Mr. James Henderson) desired for *Young Folks*, he gave to Stevenson copies of the paper containing a serial by Charles E. Pearce—a treasure-hunting story entitled 'Billy Bo's'n.' In his 'My First Book' article in the *Idler* Stevenson seems to suggest that 'Treasure Island' was already formed and planned in his mind prior to the time at which it was thought of as a serial for *Young Folks*; but there is evidence that in 'Billy Bo's'n' he found and adopted many suggestions and incidents for his own narrative." Dr. A. Japp, who was the medium of communication between Stevenson and Mr. Henderson, joined issue with Mr. Leighton, and in *THE ACADEMY* the following week told how he had heard Stevenson read the first half of the story, which half he took to Mr. Henderson. It would be very flattering to myself if I could say that "Treasure Island" owed something, if only in a suggestive sense, to my early effort in the same direction, but the matter is conclusively settled by a passage in a letter of Stevenson to W. E. Henley to be found in the additional Stevenson correspondence published this year. In this letter Stevenson refers to his contemplated boys' story, and says: "It's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship." That my story had an island, a cypher, a map, and a mutiny is nothing. Such things are stock materials dating from Poe's "Gold Bug," and perhaps earlier. It is pretty clear, however, that the whole of the manuscript was not in Mr. Henderson's hands at the time the story began to appear in *Young Folks*. Later on copy came somewhat slowly from Stevenson, and I had it from Mr. Clinton, the sub-editor of *Young Folks*, that on one occasion the instalment arrived so late that he was compelled to divide the sheets for distribution among the compositors—an act of spoliation which aroused Stevenson's wrath. Mr. Clinton's ornate literary style moved Stevenson, when writing to Mr. Edmund Gosse, to say "it's like buttermilk and blacking; it swings and hums away in that last sheet like a great old kettle full of bilge water." As Clinton was at the time defending "Treasure Island" against adverse criticism, this sounds a little ungenerous. One need not, however, labour the point. Thirty years have gone by; the paper and its "humming" sub-editor are both dead, and so also are Mr. Henderson, Dr. Japp, and, alas! Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHARLES E. PEARCE.

Chiswick.

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—I do not know whether the letter of your correspondent Clara Beesley excites more pity or disgust. But any woman to express such views must be, to say the least, of a very coarse grain. What does such a woman know of a "higher life," either in a man or a woman? Yet she has the impudence to speak for her sex, the sex to which Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Josephine Butler belonged. The woman who begged her husband's pardon, after he had so humiliated her, is utterly contemptible. No one would despise her more than the said husband. I am afraid, if such methods were commonly resorted to, the marriage state would soon develop into boxing matches. A perplexed wife can hold her own in these days, and to good effect, as well as a perplexed husband, as those who read the daily papers know. The ending of that play—"The Taming of the Shrew"—which is often brought forward as an example of how to manage a wife is stilted and unnatural. No woman with the spirit of Katharine would submit, in the way Shakespeare makes his heroine do, to Petruchio's stupid command. In fact, if the famous dramatist had been true to life, Petruchio would not have risked his reputation before his friends by commanding his wife at all. He would have known she was of too uncertain a quantity.

Again, your correspondent says that "there were no per-

plexed husbands in the days of our ancestors." Although I am no great student of history, I could mention some very renowned ones. Moreover, the finest writer of ancient Greek comedy makes special mention of woman as an inveterate plague, yet who in spite of that strangely fascinates man. Perhaps one of your cultured readers will give the passage and the name of the author to which I refer.

But putting such arguments aside, our sex would indeed be pitiable if our "love" and "reverence" could only be excited by physical chastisement. We would then only deserve to be slaves—deserve to be treated no better than the animals. Aristotle, although no doubt a very wise man, possessed the bias of his time and his sex. I wonder, if he lived in these days, when candidates for Parliament have to take men in motor-cars to the poll, and when hooliganism is rampant in religion, politics, and trade, would he say "Men obey reason"! One with keener insight and free from prejudice—Christ—showed wonderful tenderness towards women. What did He say to the woman in adultery? "Go, thou, and sin no more." And to her persecutors, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." It was because of Christ's infinite tenderness that Mary Magdalene, repentant, wept over His feet, and wiped them with her lovely tresses. And were not the women unto His death more faithful to Jesus than even His Apostles?—I am, yours faithfully,

GERTRUDE MAGEE.

8, Glasgow-street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, Oct. 2, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- Carlton's Wife.* By Effie A. Rowlands. Coloured Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
Likeness. By Edith Dart. Mills and Boon. 6s.
Pollyooly. By Edgar Jepson. Mills and Boon. 6s.
The Fatal Woman. By Dick Donovan. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
The Roundabout. By Gladys Mendl. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
Essence of Honeymoon. By H. Perry Robinson. Illustrated. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
The Common Law. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. D. Appleton and Co. 6s.
In the Days of Serfdom, and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude. Constable and Co. 6s.
The Outcry. By Henry James. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Dan Russell the Fox: an Episode in the Life of Miss Rowan. By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. Methuen and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Casanova and his Time.* By Edouard Maynial. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.
Daughters of Eve. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.
The French Ideal: Pascal, Fénelon, and Other Essays. By Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). With Portraits. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
William Pitt and the Great War. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 16s. net.
Madame de Brinville and Her Times, 1690-1676. By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
Sixty-eight Years on the Stage. By Mrs. Charles Calvert. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

The Seymour Family: History and Romance. By A. Audrey Locke. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s. net.

The Cavendish Family. By Francis Bickley. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s. net.

The English People Overseas. Vol. III. British North America, 1763-1867. By A. Wyatt Tilby. Constable and Co. 6s. net.

Francis Bacon and his Secret Society. By Mrs. Henry Pott. Second and Revised Edition. Robert Banks and Son. 7s. 6d. net.

The Record of an Adventurous Life. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. With Portrait Frontispiece. Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.

Tarnished Coronets: Studies in the History of the British Peerage. By M. Nelson D'Auvergne, M.A. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.

London Stories. Part I. Edited by John O'London. Illustrated. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

My Italian Year. By Richard Bagot. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

Across China on Foot: Life in the Interior and the Reform Movement. By Edwin J. Dingle. Illustrated. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 16s. net.

Boys: What they Are and How to Manage Them. By Archibald K. Ingram. With a Preface by Lt.-Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3d. net.

Inspired Millionaires: A Study of the Man of Genius in Business. By Gerald Stanley Lee. Grant Richards, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

The Forging of Passion into Power. By Mary Everest Boole. C. W. Daniel. 5s. net.

Sea-Fishing. By C. O. Minchin. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.

Where Do We Come From? Is Darwin Correct? A Philosophical and Critical Study of Darwin's Theory of "Natural Selection." By Herbert Morse. Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Banks and People. By Thomas Farrow. Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.

The Bargain Book. By Charles Edward Jerminham (Marmaduke) and Lewis Battany. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

Modern Paris: Some Sidelights on its Inner Life. By Robert Harborough Sherard. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

The Young Man from Stratford: A Jurymen's View of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. By Henry Saint-George. Portrait Frontispiece. Wm. Reeves. 2s. net.

Experiments in Play Writing in Verse and Prose. By John Lawrence Lambe. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.

THEOLOGY

The Epistles of St. John Verse by Verse, with Short Reflections on each Verse, etc. By Frederic Noel, S.S.J.E. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.

Plain Sermons on the Sacrament of the Altar. By the late Rev. W. H. Cleaver, M.A. Fourth Edition. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.

Mysteries for the Meek: a Series of Little Sermons at the Lord's Service on the Lord's Service. Addressed to the Lord's Little Ones and Others of the Childlike Mind. By a Priest of the Diocese of Worcester. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.

Christian Teaching of Coin Motives. By the Rev. Wm. Allan, D.D. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

VERSE

Phantasmagoria, and Other Poems. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.

Rata and Mistletoe. By Dora Wilcox (Madame Hamelius). George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

A Book of Babes in Woodcut and Verse. Made by Louise M. Glazier. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.

Eastern Songs. By Ben Kendim. With Coloured Frontispiece. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 5s. net.

JUVENILE

A Great Emergency, and Other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse. G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

The Peter Pan Picture-book. By Alice B. Woodward and Daniel O'Connor. Illustrated. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. G. Bell and Sons.

Talks about Birds. By Frank Finn, B.A., F.Z.S. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 6s.

The Captain Chum. By Ross Harvey. Illustrated by Kingsley Howe. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

Fairy Tales from Brentano. Told in English by Kate Frelighth Krock. Pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. New Edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

Two to Nowhere. By A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated by Morris Meredith Williams. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

PERIODICALS

The Open Window; The Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Home Counties Magazine; Bulletin of the Archaeological Institute of America; The Cornhill Magazine; The Triad, Dunedin; L'Euvre; La Grande Revue; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper; Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; The Open Road; The English Review; Blackwood's Magazine; Matriculation Directory, September, 1911; London University Gazette; The Bookseller; The International, N.Y.; The Nineteenth Century and After; The Publishers' Circular; The Parsi, Bombay; Peru To-Day; The Idler; The Hindustan Review; The Fortnightly Review; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; La Revue; Mercure de France; Deutsche Rundschau; Educational Times; The Empire Review; School World; University Correspondent.

NOW READY

ONE SHILLING

OCTOBER ISSUE

Financial Review of Reviews.

Proposed Industrial Court for the Settlement of Labour Disputes
By SIR CHARLES W. MACARA, BART.

What to do with Home Rails Now. By W. R. LAWSON.

What the Investor Wants. By THE INVESTMENT CRITIC.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL INFORMATION. ANALYSIS OF REPORTS. NEW
CAPITAL ISSUES. STATISTICAL RECORD.

PUBLISHER, 2, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, S.W.,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than
ordinary COFFEE.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO AND ... THROUGH CANADA. ...

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars, apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

62-68, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE TO SOUTH and EAST AFRICA. WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to
MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

... Ports of Call ...

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS,
MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA,
ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME,
PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA,
JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout
the Year,
according
to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE,
NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programmes on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
25, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3, or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours

R.M.S.P. THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

(Royal Charter dated 1839).

PLEASURE & HEALTH CRUISES.

For further particulars of which apply for Illustrated
Booklets to

London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C.;
or 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.



TO	FARE	LENGTH OF TOUR	SAILING	FROM
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17½.	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£10.	8 upwards.	Fridays.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
Round SOUTH AMERICA.	£100.	about 10 weeks.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Eleven years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

EDWARD WHISTLER,

11, Strand, Charing Cross, London.

DIAMOND MERCHANT, JEWELLER, and
SILVERSMITH.

A large stock of New and Second-hand Diamond and Gem Jewellery, Antique and Modern Silver Plate, always on hand, at bargain prices, for cash.

Fine Pearls, Emeralds, Diamonds, and early specimens of Antique Silver Plate wanted. High Prices given in Cash. Full Value allowed in Exchange. Valuations made for Probate and other purposes.

GUN DEPARTMENT.

HAMMERLESS SECOND-HAND GUNS,

British Made, from £8 10s.

Nitro Proof. The Cheapest Gun in the Market combined with Quality.

Also HAMMERLESS EJECTORS,

By Best London Makers, at Greatly Reduced Prices.

COORDITE RIFLES, .400, .500, .600 Bores.

Catalogue and Price List on Application Gratis.
Telephone No.: 2033 GERRARD.